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NIGHTFALL: A PICTURE.

Low burns the summer afternoon ;
A mellow lustre lights the scene ;
And from its smiling beauty soon
The purpling shade will chase the sheen.

The old, quaint homestead's windows blaze ;
The cedars long, black pictures show ;
And broadly slopes one path of rays
Within the barn, and makes it glow.

The loft stares out — the cat intent,
Like carving, on some gnawing rat —
With sun-bathed hay and rafters bent,
Nooked, cobwebbed homes of wasp and bat.

The harness, bridle, saddle dart
Gleams from the lower, rough expanse ;
At either side the stooping cart,
Pitchfork, and plow cast looks askance.

White Dobbin through the stable-doors
Shows his round shape ; faint color coats
The manger, where the farmer pours,
With rustling rush, the glancing oats.

A sun-haze streaks the dusky shed ;
Makes spears of seams and gems of chinks ;
In mottled gloss the straw is spread ;
And the gray grindstone dully blinks.

The sun salutes the lowest west
With gorgeous tints around it drawn ;
A beacon on the mountain's breast,
A crescent, shred, a star — and gone.

The landscape now prepares for night :
A gauzy mist slow settles round ;
Eve shows her hues in every sight,
And blends her voice with every sound.

The sheep stream rippling down the dell,
Their smooth, sharp faces pointed straight ;
The pacing kine, with tinkling bell,
Come grazing through the pasture-gate.

The ducks are grouped, and talk in fits :
One yawns with stretch of leg and wing ;
One rears and fans, then, settling sits ;
One at a moth makes awkward spring.

The geese march grave in Indian file,
The ragged patriarch at the head ;
Then, screaming, flutter off awhile,
Fold up, and once more stately tread.

Brave chanticleer shows haughtiest air ;
Hurls his shrill vaunt with lofty bend ;
Lifts foot, glares round, then follows where
His scratching, picking partlets wend.

Staid Towser scents the glittering ground ;
Then, yawning, draws a crescent deep,
Wheels his head-drooping frame around
And sinks with fore-paws stretched for sleep.

The oxen, loosened from the plow,
Rest by the pear-tree's crooked trunk ;
Tim, standing with yoke-burdened brow,
Trim, in a mound beside him sunk.

One of the kine upon the bank
Heaves her face-lifting, wheezy roar ;
One smooths with lapping tongue, her flank ;
With ponderous droop one finds the floor.

Freed Dobbin through the soft, clear dark
Glimmers across the pilared scene,
With the grouped geese — a pallid mark —
And scattered bushes black between.

The fire-flies freckle every spot
With fickle light that gleams and dies ;
The bat, a wavering, soundless blot,
The cat, a pair of prowling eyes.

Still the sweet, fragrant dark p'erflows
The deepening air and dawning ground ;
By its rich scent I trace the rose,
The viewless beetle by its sound.

The cricket scrapes its rib-like bars ;
The tree toad purrs in whirring tone ;
And now the heavens are set with stars,
And night and quiet reign alone.
Atlantic for August. ALFRED B. STREET.

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE
SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

FORTH to thy work from morn till night,
Through fog and din thy path would be ;
Whilst I at home upon the height
Would work, and rest, and wait for thee.

But now along the way of life
Through dust and din my path must be,
Whilst thou, above all mists and strife,
Waitest at Home, on high, for me.

I will not call them "weary ways ;"
No murmur ever left thy lips !
I will not sigh o'er "dreary days,"
Though darkened by thy light's eclipse.

A Presence wraps me everywhere,
The Presence in which thou art blest ;
The Face, the Sun of Worlds, is there,
Yet bright to us the glistening west.

The work is good, the way is right —
But yet, I think, an hour shall be
At evening on the home-like height
Which will be morn to thee and me.

Sunday Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.

RITUALISM AND RITUAL.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

FOR some months past, and particularly during the closing weeks of the Session of Parliament, the word Ritualism has had, in a remarkable degree, possession of the public ear, and of the public mind. So much is clear. The road is not so easy, when we proceed to search for the exact meaning of the term. And yet the term itself is not in fault. It admits, at first sight, of an easy and unexceptionable definition. Ritualism surely means an undue disposition to ritual. Ritual itself is founded on the Apostolic precept, "Let all things be done decently and in order;" *εὐσεβῶς καὶ κατὰ τάξιν*, in right, graceful, or becoming figure, and by fore-ordered arrangement, 1 Cor. xiv. 40. The exterior modes of divine service are thus laid down as a distinct and proper subject for the consideration of Christians.

But the word Ritualism passes in the public mind for something more specific in terms, and also for something more variable, if not more vague, in character. In a more specific form it signifies such a kind and such a manner of undue disposition to ritual as indicate a design to alter at least the ceremonial of religion established in and by this nation, for the purpose of assimilating it to the Roman or popish ceremonial; and, further, of introducing the Roman or papal religion into this country, under the insidious form, and silent but steady suasion, of its ceremonial.

All this is intelligible enough; and, if we start with such a conception of Ritualism, we, as a people, ought to know what we think, say, and do about it. But there is another and a briefer account which may be given of it. There is a definition purely subjective, but in practice more widely prevalent than any other. According to this definition, Ritualism is to each man that which, in matter of ritual, each man dislikes, and holds to be in excess. When the term is thus used, it becomes in the highest degree deceptive; for it covers under an apparent unity

meanings as many as the ripples of the smiling sea; as the shades of antagonism to, or divergence from, the most overloaded Roman ceremonial. When the term is thus employed, sympathy flies, as if it were electricity, through the crowd; but it is sympathy based upon the sound and not upon the sense. Men thus impelled mischievously but naturally mistake the strength of their feeling for the strength of their argument. The heated mind resents the chill touch and relentless scrutiny of logic. There could be no advantage, especially at the present time, in approaching such a theme from this point of view.

But perhaps it may be allowable to make an endeavour to carry this subject for a few moments out of the polemical field into the domain of thought. I have but little faith in coercion applied to matter of opinion and feeling, let its titles be ever so clear. But a word spoken in quietness, and by way of appeal to the free judgment and reason of men, can rarely fail to be in season. I propose, accordingly, to consider what is the true measure and meaning of ritual, in order thus to arrive at a clear conception of that vice in its use which is designated by the name of Ritualism.

Ritual, then, is the clothing which, in some form, and in some degree, men naturally and inevitably give to the performance of the public duties of religion. Beyond the religious sphere the phrase is never carried; but the thing appears, and cannot but appear, under other names. In all the more solemn and stated public acts of man, we find employed that investiture of the acts themselves with an appropriate exterior, which is the essential idea of ritual. The subject matter is different, but the principle is the same: it is the use and adaptation of the outward for the expression of the inward.

It may be asked, Why should there be any such adaptation? Why not leave things to take their course? Is not the inward enough, if it be genuine and pure? And may not the outward overlay and smother it? But human nature itself, with a thousand tongues, utters the reply.

The marriage of the outward and the inward pervades the universe.

They wedded form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

And the life and teaching of Christ Himself are marked by an employment of signs in which are laid the ground, and the foreshowing, both of sacraments and of ritual.

True indeed it is that the fire, meant to warm, may burn us; the light, meant to guide, may blind us; the food, meant to sustain, may poison us; but fire and light, and food are not only useful, they are indispensable. And so it is with that universal and perpetual instinct of human nature which exacts of us, that the form given externally to our thoughts in word and act shall be one appropriate to their substance. Applied to the circle of civilized life, this principle, which gives us ritual in religion, gives us the ceremonial of Courts, the costume of judges, the uniform of regiments, all the language of heraldry and symbol, all the hierarchy of rank and title; and which, descending through all classes, presents itself in the badges and the bands of Foresters and Benefit Societies.

But if there be a marriage — ordained by Providence and pervading nature — of the outward and the inward, it is required in this, as in other marriages, that there be some harmony of disposition between the partners. In the perception of this harmony, a life-long observation has impressed me with the belief that we as a people are, as a rule, and apart from special training, singularly deficient. In the inward realms of thought and of imagination, the title of England to stand in the first ranks of civilized nations need not be argued, for it is admitted. It would be equally idle to offer any special plea on its behalf in reference to developments purely external. The railway and the telegraph, the factory, the forge, and the mine; the highways beaten upon every ocean; the first place in the trade of the world, where population would give us but the fifth; a commercial marine equalling that of the whole of Continental Europe: these may be left

to tell their own tale. When we come to pure art, we find ourselves beaten by great countries, and even, in one case at least, by small. But it is not of pure art that I would now speak. It is of that vast and diversified region of human life and action, where a distinct purpose of utility is pursued, and where the instrument employed aspires to an outward form of beauty. Here lies the great mass and substance of the *Kunst-leben* — the art-life, of a people. Its sphere is so large, that nothing except pure thought is of right excluded from it. As in the Italian language scarcely a word can be found which is not musical, so a music of the eye (I borrow the figure from Wordsworth) should pervade all visible production and construction whatever, whether of objects in themselves permanent, or of those where a temporary collocation only of the parts is in view. This state of things was realized, to a great extent, in the Italian life of the middle ages. But its grand and normal example is to be sought in ancient Greece, where the spirit of beauty was so profusely poured forth, that it seemed to fill the life and action of man as it fills the kingdoms of nature: the one, like the other, was in its way a *Kosmos*. The elements of production, everything embodied under the hand or thought of man, fell spontaneously into beautiful form, like the glasses in a kaleidoscope. It was the gallant endeavour to give beauty as a matter of course, and in full harmony with purpose, to all that he manufactured and sold, which has made the name of Wedgwood now, and I trust forever, famous. The Greeks, at least the Attic Greeks, were, so to speak, a nation of Wedgwoods. Most objects, among those which we produce, we calmly and without a sigh surrender to ugliness, as if we were coolly passing our children through the fire to Moloch. But in Athens, as we know from the numberless relics of Greek art and industry in every form, the production of anything ugly would have startled men by its strangeness as much as it would have vexed them by its deformity; and a deviation from the law of taste, the faculty by

which beauty is discerned, would have been treated simply as a deviation from the law of nature. One and the same principle, it need hardly be observed, applies to material objects which are produced once for all, and to matters in which, though the parts may subsist before and after, the combination of them is for the moment only. The law that governed the design of an amphora or a lamp, governed also the order of a spectacle, a procession, or a ceremonial. It was not the sacrifice of the inward meaning to the outward show: that method of proceeding was a glorious discovery reserved for the later, and especially for our own time. Neither was it the sacrifice even of the outward to the inward. The Greek did not find it requisite; nature had not imposed upon him such a necessity. It was the determination of their meeting-point; the expression of the harmony between the two. It is in regard to the perception and observance of this law that the English, nay, the British people, ought probably to be placed last among the civilized nations of Europe. And if it be so, the first thing is to bring into existence and into activity a real consciousness of the defect. We need not, if it exist, set it down to natural and therefore incurable inaptitude. It is more probably due to the disproportionate application of our given store of faculties in other directions. To a great extent it may be true that for the worship of beauty we have substituted a successful pursuit of comfort. But are the two in conflict? And first of all, is the charge a true one?

To make good imputations of any kind against ourselves is but an invidious office. It would be more agreeable to leave the trial to the impartial reflection and judgment of each man. But one of the features of the case is this, that so few among us have taken the pains to form, in such matters, even a habit of observation. And, again, there are certain cases of exception to the general rule. For example, take the instance of our rural habitations. I do not speak of their architecture, nor especially do I speak of our more pretentious dwellings.

But the English garden is proverbial for beauty; and the English cottage garden stands almost alone in the world. Except where smoke, stench, and the havoc of manufacturing and mining operations have utterly deformed the blessed face of nature, the English cottager commonly and spontaneously provides some little pasture for his eye by clothing his home in the beauty of shrubs and flowers. And even where he has been thus violently deprived of his life-long communion with nature, or where his lot is cast in huge cities from which he scarcely ever escapes, he still resorts to potted flowers and to the song of caged birds for solace. This love of natural objects, which are scarcely ever without beauty or grace, ought to supply a basis on which to build all that is still wanting. But I turn to another chapter. The ancient ecclesiastical architecture of this country indicates a more copiously diffused love and pursuit of beauty, and a richer faculty for its production, in connection with purpose, than is to be found in the churches of any other part of Christendom. Not that we possess in our cathedrals and greater edifices the most splendid of all examples. But the parish churches of England are as a whole unrivalled; and it has been the opinion of persons of the widest knowledge, that they might even challenge without fear the united parish churches of Europe, from their wealth of beauty in all the particulars of their own styles of architecture.

Still, it does not appear that these exceptions impair the force of the general proposition, which is that as a people we are, in the business of combining beauty with utility, singularly uninstructed, unaccomplished, maladroit, unhandy. If instances must be cited, they are not far to seek. Consider the unrivalled ugliness of our towns in general, or put Englishmen to march in a procession, and see how, instead of feeling instinctively the music and sympathy of motion, they will loll, and stroll, and straggle; it never occurs to them that there is beauty or solemnity in ordered movement, and that the instruction required is only that simple instruction which, without speech,

Nature should herself supply to her pupils.

Quid fecerent, ipsi nullo didicere magistro.

Take again — sad as it is to strike for once at the softer portion of the species — the dress of English women, which, apart from rank and special gift or training or opportunity, is reputed to be the worst in the European world, and the most wanting alike in character and in adaptation. Take the degraded state, in point of beauty, at which all the arts of design, and all industrial production, had arrived among us some fifty years ago, in the iron age of George IV., and before the reaction which has redeemed many of them from disgrace, and raised some to real excellence.

But, indeed, in too many cases, our repentance is almost worse than our transgressions. When we begin to imbibed the conception that, after all, there is no reason why attempts should not be made to associate beauty with usefulness, the manner of our attempts is too frequently open to the severest criticism. The so-called beauty is administered in portentous doses of ornamentation sometimes running to actual deformity. Quantity is the measure, not quality, nor proportion. Who shall now compete with the awakened English woman for the house of hair built upon her head, or for the measureless extension of her dragging train? Who shall be the rival of some English architects plastering their work with an infinity of pretentious detail in order to screen from attention inharmonious dimension and poverty of lines? Or that I may without disguise direct the charge against the mind and spirit of the nation, embodied in its Parliament and its Government — what age or country can match the practical solecisms exhibited in the following facts and others like them. Forty years ago we determined to erect the most extensive building of pointed architecture in the world; namely, our Houses of Parliament, or, as they are called, the Palace of Westminster. We entrusted the work to our most eminent Italian architect. Once was pretty well; but once was not enough. So, twenty years ago, we determined to erect another vast building in the Italian style, namely a pile of public offices, or as some would call it, a Palace of Administration; and we committed the erection of it to our most experienced and famous architect in the pointed species. Thus each man was selected

for his unacquaintance with the genius of the method in which he was to work. Who can wonder, in circumstances like these, that the spirit and soul of style are so often forgotten in its letter; that beauty itself unlearns itself, and degenerates into mere display; that for the attainment of a given end, not economy of means, but profusion of means, becomes our law and our boast; that, in the Houses of Parliament, dispersion of the essential parts over the widest possible space marks a building where the closest concentration should have been the rule; and that the Foreign Office, which is a workshop, exhibits a staircase which no palace of the sovereign can match in its dimensions?

If from the work of creation we turn to the world of action, the same incapacity of detecting discord, and the same tendency to solecism will appear. In what country except ours could (as I know to have happened) a parish hall have been got up in order to supply funds for procuring a parish hearth?

I shall not admit that, in these remarks, I have gone astray from the title and subject of the paper. What is Ritualism? It is unwise, undisciplined reaction from poverty, from coldness, from barrenness, from nakedness; it is overlaying purpose with adventitious and obstructive incumbrance; it is departure from measure and from harmony in the annexation of appearance to substance, of the outward to the inward; it is the caricature of the beautiful; it is the conversion of helps into hindrances; it is the attempted substitution of the secondary for the primary aim, and the real failure and paralysis of both. A great deal of our architecture, a great share of our industrial production has been or is, it may be feared, very Ritualistic indeed.

Let us now trace the operation of the same principle in the subject-matter of religion. We encounter the same defects, the same difficulties, the same excesses; the same want of trained habits of observation; the same forgetfulness of proportion; the same danger of burying it under a mass of ornament.

It must be admitted that the state of things from which the thing popularly known as Ritualism took historically its point of departure, was dishonouring to Christianity, disgraceful to the nation; disgraceful most of all to that much-vaunted religious sentiment of the English public which in impenetrable somnolence endured it, and resented all inter-

ference with it. Nakedness enough there was, fifty and forty years ago, of divine service and of religious edifices, among the Presbyterians of Scotland, and among the Nonconformists of England. But, among these, the outward fault was to a great extent redeemed by the cardinal virtues of earnestness and fervour. The prayer of the minister was at least listened to with a pious attention, and the noblest of all the sounds that can reach the human ear was usually heard in the massive swell, and solemn fall, of the united voices of the congregations. But within the ordinary English parish church of town or country, there were no such redeeming features in the action of the living, though the inanimate treasure of the prayer-book yet remained. Its warmth was stored, like the material of fire in our coal seams, for better days. It was still the bed or mould, in which higher forms of religious thought and feelings were some day to be cast. But the actual state of things was bad beyond all parallel known to me in experience or reading. Taking together the expulsion of the poor and labouring classes (especially from the town churches), the mutilations and blockages of the fabrics, the baldness of the service, the elaborate horrors of the so-called music, with the jargon of parts contrived to exhibit the powers of every village roarer, and to prevent all congregational singing; and above all, the coldness and indifference of the lounging or sleeping congregations, our services were probably without a parallel in the world for their debasement; and as they would have shocked a Brahmin or a Buddhist, so they hardly could have been endured in this country had not the faculty of taste and the perception of the seemingly or unseemly, been as dead as the spirit of devotion. There were exceptions, and the exceptions were beginning now to grow in number: but I speak of the general state of things, such as I can myself recollect it. In some places the older traditions and spirit of the Church had survived all the paralyzing influences of the first Hanoverian generations; in others they were commended to the people by the lofty spirit and English pluck of men like Dr. Hook; in many cathedrals, with stateliness, a remnant of true dignity was preserved; and in a third class of cases the clergy known as Evangelical had infused into their congregations a reverent sense of the purpose for which they met together. For this and

other services they were pointed at with the finger of scorn by the very same stamp of people as those who are now most fervid in denouncing the opposite section. And it was for reasons not very different: both were open to the charge that they did not thoroughly conform to the prescriptions of the prayer-book: both were apt to slide into the attitude and feeling of a clique; both rather abounded in self-confidence, and were viewed askance by authority; above all, both were zealous, and therefore troublesome. But of the general tone of the services in the Church of England at that time I do not hesitate to say, it was such as when carefully considered would have shocked not only any earnest Christian of whatever communion, but any sincere believer in God, any one who held that there was a Creator and Governor of the world, and that his creatures ought to worship Him. And that which I wish to press upon the mind of the reader is, that this state of things was one with which the members of the Church generally were quite content. It was not by lay associations with long purses that the people were with difficulty and with much resistance awakened out of this state of things. It was by the reforming bishops and clergy of the Church of England. And such an amount of effort could hardly have been needed, had the faculties and life of art been more widely diffused.

Had we, as a people, been possessed in reasonable measure of that sense of harmony between the inward and the outward of which I have been lamenting the weakness, it could not indeed have supplied the place of a fervent religious life; but Divine worship, the great public symbol and pledge of that life, never could have fallen so low among us. And I think it has been in some measure from the same defect that, during the exterior revivals of the last forty years, there has been so much misapprehension and miscarriage, so much dissatisfaction and disturbance. More than thirty years have passed since agitation in London and riot in Exeter were resorted to for the purpose, as was conscientiously believed, of preserving the purity of the Reformed Religion against the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and of the Prayer for the Church Militant. In vain the bishops and the clergy concerned made their protests, and averred that they were advising, or acting, in simple "obedience to the law." The appeal to that

watchword, now so sacred, was utterly unavailing: popery, and nothing less than popery, it was insisted, must be the meaning of the changes. To me it appeared at the time that their introduction, however legal, was, if not effected with the full and intelligent concurrence of the flocks, decidedly unwise. But as to these particular usages themselves, I held then and hold now, that their tendency, when calmly viewed, must have been seen to be rather Protestant than popish; that popery would have led to the use of a different and lower garb in preaching, not to the use of the same vestment which was also to be used for the celebration of the Eucharist; and that no prayer in the prayer-book bears so visibly the mark of the Reformation, as the Prayer for the Church Militant. Be that as it may, I recollect with pain a particular case which may serve as a sample of the feeling, and the occurrences, of that day. An able and devoted young clergyman had accepted the charge of a new district parish in one of our largest towns, with trifling emoluments, and with large masses of neglected poor, whom he had begun steadily and successfully to gather in. Within a year or two an agitation was raised, not in his parish, but in the town at large; it had grown too hot to hold him; and he was morally compelled to retire from his benefice and from the place, for the offences of having preached the morning sermon in the surplice, read the Prayer for the Church Militant, and opened his church for Divine service, not daily, but on all festivals. The inference to be drawn from this is not an inference of self-laudation: not the *ἡμεῖς τοὶ παριστάνοντες* *ἑαυτοὺς* *ἐλπίς* but an inference in behalf of a little self-mistrust, and a great deal of deliberation and circumspection in these important matters. For, from a view of the modes which have become usual for the celebration of Divine service, in average churches not saddled with a party name, there appears this rather startling fact, that the congregations of the Church of England in general now practise without suspicion, and the Parliament, representing the general feeling out of doors, is disposed to enforce, by the establishment of more stringent procedure, what thirty years ago was denounced, and rather more than denounced, as Ritualism.

The truth is, that, in the word Ritualism, there is involved much more than the popular mind seems to suppose.

The present movement in favour of ritual is not confined to Ritualists, neither is it confined even to Churchmen. It has been, when all things are considered, quite as remarkable among Nonconformists and Presbyterians; not because they have as much of it, but because they formerly had none, and because their system appeared to have been devised and adjusted in order to prevent its introduction, and to fix upon it even *in limine* the aspect of a flagrant departure from first principles. Crosses on the outside of chapels, organs within them, rich painted architecture, that flagrant piece of symbolism, the steeple, windows filled with subjects in stained glass, elaborate chanting, the use of the Lord's Prayer, which is no more than the thin end of a wedge that is to introduce fixed forms, and the partial movements in favour of such forms already developed, are among the signs which, taken altogether, form a group of phenomena evidently referable to some cause far more deep and wide-working than mere servile imitation, or the fashion of the day. In the case of the organ, be it recollected that many who form part of the *crème de la crème* of Protestantism have now begun to use that which the pope does not hear in his own Chapel or his sublime Basilica, and which the entire Eastern Church has ever shrunk from employing in its services.

With this I will mention a familiar matter, though it may provoke a smile. It is the matter of clerical costume; on which I will not scruple to say that, in my judgment, the party of costume is right. A costume for the clergy is as much connected with discipline and self-respect as an uniform for the army, and is no small guarantee for conduct. The disuse of clerical costume was a recent innovation; but thirty-five or forty years ago the abuse had become almost universal. It was consummated by the change in lay fashions—a very singular one—to a nearly exclusive use of black. The reaction began in the cut of the waistcoat; which was carried by the innovators, without dividing, up to the cravat. This was deemed so distinctly popish, that it acquired the nickname of "The Mark of the Beast;" and it is a fact that, among the tailors of the West-end of London, this shape of waistcoat was familiarly known as "the M. B. waistcoat." Any one who will now take the pains to notice the dress of the regular Presbyterian or Dissenting minister will, I think, find that, in a great majority of instances, he

too, when in his best, wears, like the clergyman, the M. B. waistcoat.

True the distance between these Presbyterian and Nonconforming services, and those of the Church of England, in point of ritual, remains as great, or perhaps greater than, before; but that is because one and the same forward movement has taken possession of both, only the speeds may have been different. I will give a case in point. Five and thirty years ago hardly any one had dreamt of a surpliced choir in a parish church. When such an use came in, it was thought to be like a sign of the double superlative in High Churchmanship, and was deemed the most violent experiment yet made upon the patience of the laity. How stands the matter now? As the purity of Welsh Protestantism is well known, I will take an instance from Wales. In a Welsh town, of no great size, the clergyman of the parish was moved, not long ago, to introduce the surplice for his choir. He determined upon a *plébiscite*; and placed printed slips of paper about the seats, requesting a written aye or no. Near two hundred and fifty answers were given; and of the answers more than four-fifths were ayes. In truth, there is a kind of ritual race; all have set their faces the same way, and none like to have their relative backwardness enhanced, while the absolute standing-point is continually moved forward.

This is matter of fact, and of the very widest reach, compassing a field of which but a little corner was covered by the recent Act of Parliament; and now the question rises to the lip, Ought this matter of fact, which will scarcely be disputed, to be viewed with satisfaction or with displeasure?

In my opinion this is a question extremely difficult to answer; and I will not affect to be able to give it a complete reply. It seems to me that ritual is, in what amount I do not attempt now to inquire, a legitimate accompaniment, nay, effect, of the religious life; but I view with mistrust and jealousy all tendency, wherever shown, either to employ ritual as its substitute, or to treat ritual as its producing cause. All, however, that I have thus far endeavoured to insinuate is, that the subject is a very large one—that it cannot be dealt with off-hand—that it is exceedingly significant and pregnant in the manifestations it supplies. If we do not live in one of the great thinking ages, we live in an age which supplies abundant materials of thought;

and with the many problems, which we shall leave to our children for solution, we may hand down to them the cordial wish that they may make more of them than we have done.

If we survey the Christian world, we shall have occasion to observe that ritual does not bear an unvarying relation to doctrine. The most notable proof of this assertion is to be found in the Lutheran communion. It is strongly and, except where opinion has deviated in the direction of Rationalism, uniformly Protestant. But in portions of the considerable area over which it stretches, for example, in Denmark, in Sweden and Norway, even on the inhospitable shores of Iceland, altars, vestments, lights, (if not even incense) are retained: the clergyman is called the priest, and the communion office is termed the mass. But there is no distinction of doctrine whatever between Swedish or Danish, and German Lutherans: nor, according to the best authorities, has the chain of the Episcopal succession been maintained in those countries. Even in this country, there are some of those clergy who are called Broad-churchmen, some who have a marked indifference to doctrine, and something like a hatred of dogma, yet who also are inclined to musical ornament, and other paraphernalia of divine service. From these facts, as well as from the growing ritual of the non-Episcopal Christians of this country, we may perceive that in the slashing manner in which the argument has been drawn from ritual to doctrine in our discussions, there has been something of that precipitancy to which, from the narrow and insular character of his knowledge, as well as from the vigour of his will, the Englishman is particularly liable. Here also, from that deficiency which I have noted in the faculty of adapting the outward to the inward, he is apt to blunder into confounding what is appropriate and seemly with what partakes of excess or invidious meaning. At the same time, an important connection between high doctrine and high ritual is to be traced to a considerable extent in the Church of England, and in commenting on over-statement I do not seek to understate. This connection is, however, for the present hopelessly mixed with polemical considerations, and therefore excluded from the field of these remarks.

But there is a question which it is the special purpose of this paper to suggest for consideration by my fellow-Christians

generally, which is more practical and of greater importance, as it seems to me, and has far stronger claims on the attention of the nation and of the rulers of the Church, than the question whether a handful of the clergy are or not engaged in an utterly hopeless and visionary effort to Romanize the Church and people of England. At no time since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth; when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history. I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief. But there are questions of our own religious well-being that lie nearer home. And one of them is whether, as individuals, we can justly and truly say that the present movement in favour of ritual is a healthy movement for each of us; that is whether it gives or does not give us assistance in offering a more collected act of worship, when we enter the temple of the Most High, and think we go there to offer before Him the sacrifice of praise and prayer, and thanksgiving? Of one thing we may be quite certain, and it is this. To accumulate observances of ritual is to accumulate responsibility. It is the adoption of a higher standard of religious profession; and it requires a higher stand of religious practice. If we study, by appropriate or by rich embellishment, to make the Church more like the House of God, and the services in it more impressive by outward signs of His greatness and goodness, and of our littleness and meanness, all these are so many voices, audible and intelligible, though inarticulate, and to let them sound in our ears unheeded, is an offence against His majesty. If we are not the better for more ritual, we are the worse for it. A general augmentation of ritual such as we see on every side around us, if it be without any corresponding enhancement of devotion, means more light but no more love.

But it is even conceivable, nay far from improbable, that augmentation of ritual may import not increase but even diminution of fervour. Such must be the result in every case where the imagery of the eye and ear, actively multiplied, is allowed to draw off the energy, which ought to have its centre in the heart. There cannot be a doubt that the beauty of the edifice, the furniture, and the service, though their purpose be to carry the mind forward, may induce it to rest upon themselves. Wherever the growth and progress of ritual, though that ritual be in itself suitable and proper, is accepted, whether consciously or unconsciously, and whether in whole or in part, by the individual, as standing in the stead of his own concentration and travail of spirit in devotion, there the ritual, though good in itself, becomes for him so much formality, that is so much deadness. Now there are multitudes of people who will accede at once to this proposition, who will even hold it to be no more than a truism, but with a complacent conviction, in the background of their minds, that it does not touch their case at all. They may be Presbyterians or Nonconformists; or they may be Churchmen whose clergyman preaches against popery open or concealed, or who have themselves subscribed liberally to prosecute the Rev. this, or the Rev. that, for Ritualism. No matter. They, and their clergyman too, may nevertheless be flagrant Ritualists. For the barest minimum of ritual may be a screen hiding from the worshipper the Object of his worship: nay, will be such a screen, unless the worshipper bestirs himself to use it as a help, and to see that it is not a snare.

In the class of cases supposed, the ready acquiescence of a few moments back has by this time probably been converted into a wondering scepticism. And there is at first sight something of paradox in the assertion that all ritual, not only elaborate but modest, not only copious but scanty, has its dangers. It seems hard to preach suspicion and misgiving against what is generally approved or accepted by the most undeniable Protestants. But the very same person who errs by making his own conscience in ritual a measure for the consciences of other men, lest they should run to excess, may be himself in surfeit while he dooms them to starve, for what is famine to them may be to him excess: what they can digest may be to him indigestible. It is difficult, I think, to fix a maximum of ritual

for all times and persons, and to predicate that all beyond the line must be harmful; but it is impossible to fix a minimum, and say up to that point, we are safe. No ritual is too much, provided it is subsidiary to the inner work of worship: and all ritual is too much, unless it ministers to that purpose.

If there be paradox in this assertion, the explanation of it is not far to seek. It will be found in the removal of a prevailing and dangerous error in kindred subject-matter. It is too commonly assumed that, provided only we repair to our church or our chapel, as the case may be, the performance of the work of adoration is a thing to be taken for granted. And so it is, in the absence of unequivocal signs to the contrary, as between man and man. But not as between the individual man and his own conscience in the hour of self-review. If he knows anything of himself, and unless he be a person of singularly favoured gifts, he will know that the work of Divine worship, so far from being a thing of course even among those who outwardly address themselves to its performance, is one of the most arduous which the human spirit can possibly set about. The processes of simple self-knowledge are difficult enough. All these, when a man worships, should be fresh in his consciousness: and this is the first indispensable condition for a right attitude of the soul before the footstool of the Eternal. The next is a frame of the affections adjusted on the one hand to this self-knowledge, and on the other to the attributes, and the more nearly felt presence, of the Being before whom we stand. And the third is the sustained mental effort necessary to complete the act, wherein every Christian is a priest; to carry our whole selves, as it were with our own hands into that nearer Presence, and, uniting the humble and unworthy *prosphora* with the one full perfect and sufficient Sacrifice, to offer it upon the altar of the heart: putting aside every distraction of the outward sense, and endeavouring to complete the individual act as fully, as when in loneliness, after departing out of the flesh, we shall see eternal things no longer through but without a veil. Now, considering how we live, and must live, our common life in and by the senses, how all sustained mental abstraction is an effort, how the exercise of sympathy itself, which is such a power in Christian worship, is also a kind of bond to the visible; and, then, last of all, with what feebleness and fluctuation,

not to say with what duplicity, of intention we undertake the work, is it not too clear that in such a work we shall instinctively be too apt to remit our energies, and to slide unawares into mere perfunctory performance? And where and in proportion as the service of the body is more careful, and the exterior decency and solemnity of the public assembling more unimpeachable, these things themselves may contribute to form important elements of that inward self-complacency which makes it so easy for us, whenever we ourselves are judge and jury as well as "prisoner at the bar" to obtain a verdict of acquittal. In other words, the very things which find their warrant in their capacity and fitness to assist the work of inward worship, are particularly apt to be accepted by the individual himself as a substitute for inward worship, on account of that very capacity and fitness, of their inherent beauty and solemnity, of their peculiar and unworldly type. So that ritual, because it is full of uses, is also full of dangers. Though men may increase responsibility by augmenting it, they do not escape from danger by its diminution: nothing can make ritual safe except the strict observance of its purpose, namely, that it shall supply wings to the human soul in its callow efforts at upward flight. And such being the meaning of true ritual, the just measure of it is to be found in the degree in which it furnishes that assistance to the individual Christian.

The changes, then, in our modes of performing Divine service ought to be answers to the inward call of minds advancing and working upwards in the great work of inward devotion. But when we see the extraordinary progress of ritual observance during the last generation, who is there that can be so sanguine as to suppose that there has been a corresponding growth of inward fervour, and of mental intelligence, in our general congregations? There is indeed a rule of simple decency to which, under all circumstances, we should strive to rise—for indecency in public worship is acted profanely, and is grossly irreligious in its effects. But when the standard of decency has once been attained, ought not the further steps to be vigilantly watched, I do not say by law, but by conscience? There are influences at work among us, far from spiritual, which may work in the direction of ritual. The vast amount of new-made wealth in the country does not indeed lead to a display as

profuse in the embellishment of the house of God, as in our own mansions, equipages, or dresses. Yet the wealthy, as such, have a preference for churches and for services with a certain amount of ornament: and it is quite possible that no small part of what we call the improvements in fabrics and in worship may be due simply to the demand of the richer man for a more costly article, and thus may represent not the spiritual growth but the materializing tendencies of the age. Again, there is a wider diffusion of taste among the many, though the faculty itself may not, with the few, have gained a finer edge; and, with this, the sense of the incongruous, and the grotesque cannot but make some way. Here is another agency, adapted to improving the face and form of our religious services, without that which I would contend is the indispensable condition of all real and durable improvement — namely, a corresponding growth in the appreciation of the inward work of devotion. But a third and very important cause, working in the same direction, has been this. The standard of life and of devotion has risen among the clergy far more generally, and doubtless also more rapidly, than among the laity. It is more than possible that, in many instances, their own enlarged and elevated conception of what Divine service ought to be in order to answer the genuine demands of their own inward life, may have induced them to raise it in their several churches beyond any real capacity of their congregations to appreciate and turn it to account.

Even in the theatres of our day, the spectacle threatens to absorb the drama, and show, which should be the servant, to become the master. Much more is the danger real in the sanctuary, for the function of an audience is mainly passive, but that of a congregation is one of high and arduous, though unseen, activity.

But it is time to draw together the threads of this slight discourse upon a subject very far indeed from slight. Whatever may be said of the merits of authoritative and coercive repression in matters of ritual — and I am not very sanguine as to its effects — assuredly they never can dispense with the necessity, or perform the office, of the moral restraints of an awakened conscience. Some may dispute the proposition that their gripe is hard, where a tender touch is needed; but who can question that they will reach but few, where many require a lesson? Attendance on religious

services is governed among us to a great extent, especially in towns, and most of all in the metropolis, by fashion, taste, and liking: but no preference is really admissible in such a matter, except the strict answer of the conscious mind to the question, What degree and form of ritual is it that helps me, and what is it that hampers and impedes me, in the performance of the work for which all congregations of Christians assemble in their churches?

If we consider the nature of Divine service altogether at large, the presumption is against alteration as such in the manner of it. For the nature of God and the nature of man, and the relation of the one to the other, are constant; and in their solemn subject-matter, mere fashion, which is a principle of change altogether questionable, and which may be defined as change for its own sake, ought to have no place whatever. The varieties required by local circumstances or temperaments can be no novelties, and will probably in the lapse of time have asserted themselves sufficiently in the subsisting arrangements.

But if we limit and regulate our consideration of the case by a careful reference to our own time and country, the presumption is much weakened, possibly in one sense even reversed. For we have been emerging from a period in which the public worship of God had confessedly been reduced to a state of great external debasement. In this state of things a Reformation was necessary. Happily it came, and it surmounted the breakers and floods of prejudice. There was therefore a presumption not against, but in favour of change of some kind. When, however, the further question was reached of what kind the change ought to be, it remained true that each particular change required to be examined on its own merits, and to make its own case. The tests to be applied would be such as the following questions might supply: —

1. Is it legally binding? an inquiry, in which the element of desuetude can hardly be excluded from the view of a clergyman or of his flock.
2. Is it in its own nature favourable to devout and intelligent adoration of God in the sanctuary?
3. Will it increase, or will it limit, the active participation of the flock in the service?
4. Is it conformable to the spirit of the prayer-book?

5. Is it agreeable to the desires of this particular congregation?

6. Is it adapted to their religious and their mental condition; and likely to bring them nearer to God in the act of worship, or to keep them further from Him; to collect or disperse their thoughts, to warm or freeze their affections?

It seems to me that, as a general rule, an answer to all these questions should be ready before a change in ritual is adopted: and that, where law interposes no impediment, still, if any of them has to be answered in the negative, such changes can hardly be allowable.

Except in the single case where the standard of decency has not been reached, I am wholly at a loss to conceive any excuse for contravening the general sense of a congregation by changes in ritual. If the clergyman thinks the matter to be one of principle, should he not instruct them? If he sees it to be one of taste and liking, should he not give way to them? Should he not be the first to perceive and hold that unsettlement in matters of religion is in itself no small evil: and to reflect that, by making precipitately some change which he approves, he may prepare the way and establish the precedent for a like precipitancy in other changes which he does not approve? Especially, what case can there be (except that of decency, and such a case can hardly be probable) in which he will be justified in repelling and dispersing his congregation for the sake of his service? Doubtless it is conceivable, that Divine service may be rendered by careful ritual more suitable to the dignity of its purpose. But let us take, on the other hand, a church where a ritual thus improved has been forced upon a congregation to whom its provisions were like an unknown tongue, and whom it has therefore banished from the walls of the sanctuary. Is it conceivable that such a spectacle can be a pleasing one in the sight of the Most High? Did Christianity itself come down into the world in abstract perfection and in full development? or was it not rather opened on the world with nice regard to the contracted pupil of the human eye which it was gradually to enlarge, unfolding itself from day to day, in successive lessons of doctrine and event, here a little and there a little? The jewels in the crown of the Bride are the flocks within the walls of the temple; and men ever so hard of hearing are better than an empty bench.

I will, however, presume to express a favourable inclination towards one class of usages, with a corresponding aversion to their opposites. I heartily appreciate whatever, within the limits of the prayer-book, tends to augment the active participation of the laity in the services: as for example their joining audibly in the recital of the General Thanksgiving; or the aid they may give the clergyman (often so valuable even in a physical point of view) by reading the Lessons.

Again, if ritual be on the increase among us, ought it not to receive at once its complement and its balance in a greater care, fervency, and power of preaching? Nothing, in my opinion, is of more equivocal tendency than high ritual with a low appreciation of Christian doctrine. But if there be high ritual and sound doctrine too, these will not excuse inadequate appreciation or use of the power of the pulpit. If ritual does its work in raising the temper of devotion, it is a preparation for corresponding elevation in the work of the preacher: and if the preacher is able to warm, to interest, and to edify his hearers, then he improves their means of profiting by ritual, and arms them against its dangers.

But if self-will and want of consideration for others have been, and, in a diminished degree, are still, a snare to the clergy, have not we of the laity the same infirmities with far less excuse? Is it not strange to see with what tenacity many a one of us will, when he casually attends a church other than his usual one, adhere to some usage or non-usage perfectly indifferent, but with the effect either of giving positive scandal or of exciting notice, that is, of distracting those around him from their proper work? How is this like the Apostle's rule, who was all things to all men? Or have we found out that the rules of Scripture were made, as well as the discipline of the Church, for the clergy alone? But even if it be the layman's privilege at once to rule the Church and to disobey it, how is it that he does not respect the feelings of other laymen by decently conforming in all matters indifferent to the usages of the congregation to which he has chosen for the nonce to attach himself? It is much to be feared that when the clergyman has unlearned his own unreasonableness, he may still have to endure much from the unreasonableness of some handful of units among his flock. But if he be indeed worthy of his exalted office, he will see in the first place how little char-

ity to the recalcitrant there will be in forcing on them even improvements which to them can only be stumbling-blocks. Next, if he put on the armour of patience and of love, he will soon become aware of its winning efficacy. Lastly, there is an expedient which is in his own hand, and to which he cannot be prevented from resorting. Those defective perceptions of the outward manner of things, which I take to be national, must often make their mark on the clergy as well as on us of the laity. I remember long ago hearing a clergyman (who left the Church of England a few days later) complain of a want of reverence in his choir boys, with a demeanour, though it was in his beautiful church, fit for a tavern. The first, and last, and most effective article of ritual is deep reverence in the clergyman himself. Nothing can supply its place; and it will go far to supply the place of everything. It abhors affectation; and it does not consist in bowings and genuflections, or in any definite acts: *neque monstrare et sentio tantum*. The reason why this reverence is the most precious part of ritual, is because ritual in general consists *ex vi termini* in symbol; but reverence means, together with a sign, a thing signified. It has its being in a profound sense of the Divine presence, expressing itself through a suitable outward demeanour. But if the demeanour be without the sentiment, it is not reverence, it is only the husk and shell of reverence. The clergyman is necessarily the central point of his congregation. Their reverence cannot rise above his; and their reverence will insensibly but continually approach to his. If this be the key-note of the service, questions of ritual will adjust themselves in harmony with it. And one reason why the point may be more safely pressed is, because reverence need not be the property or characteristic of any school in particular. It distinguished the Margaret Chapel of forty years ago, when the pastors of that church were termed Evangelical. It subsisted in that same chapel thirty years ago, when Mr. Oakeley (now, alas! ours no more) and Mr. Upton Richards gave to its very simple services, which would now scarcely satisfy an average congregation, and where the fabric was little less than hideous, that true solemnity which is in perfect concord with simplicity. The papal Church now enjoys the advantages of the labours of Mr. Oakeley; who united to a fine musical taste, a much finer and much

rarer gift in discerning and expressing the harmony between the inward purposes of Christian worship and its outward investiture, and who then had gathered round him a congregation the most devout and hearty that I (for one) have ever seen in any communion of the Christian world.

And now, for my last word, I will appeal to high authority.

In the fourteenth chapter of Saint Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians may be found, what I would call the code of the New Testament upon ritual. The rules laid down by the Apostle to determine the comparative value of the gifts then so common in the Church will be found to contain the principles applicable to the regulation of Divine service; and it is touching to observe that they are immediately subjoined to that noble and wonderful effusion describing "charity," with which no ethical eloquence of Greece or Rome can suitably compare. The highest end, in the Apostle's mind, seems to be (v. 5) "that the church may receive edifying." At present there is a disposition to treat a handful of men as scapegoats; and my fear is not only that they may suffer injustice, but lest far wider evils, than any within their power to cause or cure, should creep onwards unobserved. As rank bigotry, and what is far worse, base egotistic selfishness may find their account, at moments like this, in swelling the cry of Protestantism, so much of no less rank worldliness may lurk in the fashionable tendency not only to excessive but even to moderate ritual. The best touchstone for divining what is wrong and defining what is right in the exterior apparel of Divine service will be found in the holy desire and authoritative demand of the Apostle, "that the Church may receive edifying," rather than in abstract imagery of perfection on the one hand, or narrow traditional prejudice on the other.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THREE FEATHERS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RING OF EVIL OMEN.

ONE of Wenna's many friends outside the village in which she lived was a strange misshapen creature who earned his living by carrying sand from one of the bays on the coast to the farmers on the uplands above. This he did by

means of a troop of donkeys—small, rough, light-haired, and large-eyed animals—that struggled up the rude and steep path on the face of the cliff, with the bags on their backs that he had laboriously filled below. It was a sufficiently cheerless occupation for this unfortunate hunchback, and not a very profitable one. The money he got from the farmers did not much more than cover the keep of the donkeys. He seldom spoke to any human being; for who was going to descend that rough and narrow path down to the shore—where he and his donkeys appeared to be no bigger than mice—with the knowledge that there was no path round the precipitous coast, and that nothing would remain but the long climb up again?

Wenna Rosewarne had some pity for this solitary wretch, who toiled at his task with the melancholy Atlantic before him, and behind him a great and lonely wall of crumbling slate; and whenever she had time, she used to walk with her sister across from Eglosilyn by the high-lying downs until they reached this little indentation in the coast where a curve of yellow sand was visible far below. If this poor fellow and his donkeys were to be seen from the summit, the two girls had little fear of the fatigue of descending the path down the side of the steep cliff; and the object of their visit used to be highly pleased and flattered by their coming to chat with him for a few minutes. He would hasten the filling of his bags so as to ascend again with them, and in a strange tongue that even the two Cornish-born girls could not always understand, he would talk to them of the merits of his favourite donkeys, of their willingness, and strength, and docility. They never took him any tracts; they never uttered a word of condolence or sympathy. Their visit was merely of the nature of a friendly call; but it was a mark of attention and kindness that gave the man something pleasant to think of for days thereafter.

Now, on one of these occasions, Mr. Roscorla went with Wenna and her sister; and although he did not at all see the use of going down this precipitous cliff for the mere purpose of toiling up again, he was not going to confess that he dreaded the fatigue of it. Moreover, this was another mission of charity; and, although he had not called again on Mr. Keam—although, in fact, he had inwardly vowed that the prayers of a thousand angels would not induce him again

to visit Mr. Keam—he was anxious that Wenna should believe that he still remained her pupil. So, with a good grace, he went down the tortuous pathway to the desolate little bay where the sand-carrier was at work. He stood and looked at the sea while Wenna was chatting with her acquaintance; he studied the rigging of the distant ships; he watched the choughs and daws flying about the face of the rocks; he drew figures on the sand with the point of his cane, and wondered whether he would be back in good time for luncheon if this garrulous hunchback jabbered in his guttural way for another hour. Then he had the pleasure of climbing up the cliff again, with a whole troop of donkeys going before him in Indian file up the narrow and zigzag path, and at last he reached the summit. His second effort in the way of charity had been accomplished.

He proposed that the young ladies should sit down to rest for a few minutes, after the donkeys and their driver had departed; and accordingly the three strangers chose a block of slate for a seat, with the warm grass for a footstool, and all around them the beauty of an August morning. The sea was ruffled into a dark blue where it neared the horizon; but closer at hand it was pale and still. The sun was hot on the bleak pasture-land. There was a scent of fern and wild thyme in the air.

"By the way, Wenna," said Mr. Roscorla, "I wonder you have never asked me why I have not yet got you an engaged ring."

"Wenna does not want an engaged ring," said Miss Maby, sharply: "They are not worn now."

This audacious perversion of fact on the part of the self-willed young beauty was in reality a sort of cry of despair. If Mr. Roscorla had not yet spoken of a ring to Wenna, Maby had; and Maby had besought of her sister not to accept this symbol of hopeless captivity.

"Oh, Wenna," she had said, "if you take a ring from him, I shall look on you as carried away from us forever."

"Nonsense, Maby," the elder sister had said. "The ring is of no importance; it is the word you have spoken that is."

"Oh, no, it isn't," Maby said earnestly. "As long as you don't wear a ring, Wenna, I still fancy I shall get you back from him; and you may say what you like, but you are far too good for him."

"Mabyn, you are a disobedient child," the elder sister said, stopping the argument with a kiss, and not caring to raise a quarrel.

Well, when Mr. Roscorla was suddenly confronted by this statement, he was startled; but he inwardly resolved that, as soon as he and Wenna were married, he would soon bring Miss Mabyn's interference in their affairs to an end. At present he merely said, mildly—

"I was not aware that engaged rings were no longer worn. However, if that be so, it is no reason why we should discontinue a good old custom; and I have put off getting you one, Wenna, because I knew I had to go to London soon. I find now I must go on Monday next; and so I want you to tell me what sort of stones you like best in a ring."

"I am sure I don't know," Wenna said, humbly and dutifully. "I am sure to like whatever you choose."

"But what do you prefer yourself?" he again said.

Wenna hesitated, but Miss Mabyn did not. She was prepared for the crisis. She had foreseen it.

"Oh, Mr. Roscorla," she said (and you would not have fancied there was any guile or malice in that young and pretty face, with its tender blue eyes and its proud and sweet mouth), "don't you know that Wenna likes emeralds?"

Mr. Roscorla was very near telling the younger sister to mind her own business; but he was afraid. He only said, in a stiff way, to his betrothed—

"Do you like emeralds?"

"I think they are very pretty," Wenna replied, meekly. "I am sure I shall like any ring you choose."

"Oh, very well," said he, rather discontented that she would show no preference. "I shall get you an emerald ring."

When she heard this decision, the heart of Mabyn Rosewarne was filled with an unholy joy. This was the rhyme that was running through her head:—

Oh, green's forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn,
And blue's the sweetest
Colour that's worn!

Wenna was saved to her now. How could any two people marry who had engaged themselves with an emerald ring? There was a great deal of what might be called natural religion in this young lady, to distinguish it from that which she had been taught on Sunday forenoons and at her mother's knee: a belief in occult influ-

ences ruling the earth, unnamable, undefinable, but ever present and ever active. If fairly challenged, she might have scrupled to say that she believed in brownies, or the small people, or in any one of the thousand superstitions of the Cornish peasantry. But she faithfully observed these superstitions. If her less heedful sister put a cut loaf upside down on the plate, Mabyn would instantly right it, and say "Oh, Wenna!" as if her sister had forgotten that that simple act meant that some ship was in sore distress. If Wenna laughed at any of these fancies, Mabyn said nothing; but all the same she was convinced in her own mind that things happened to people in a strange fashion, and in accordance with omens that might have been remarked. She knew that if Mr. Roscorla gave Wenna a ring of emeralds, Mr. Roscorla would never marry her.

One thing puzzled her, however. Which of the two was to be the forsaken? Was it Wenna or Mr. Roscorla who would break this engagement that the younger sister had set her heart against? Well, she would not have been sorry if Mr. Roscorla were the guilty party, except in so far as some humiliation might thereby fall on Wenna. But the more she thought of the matter, the more she was convinced that Mr. Roscorla was aware he had the best of the bargain, and was not at all likely to seek to escape from it. It was he who must be forsaken; and she had no pity for him. What right had an old man to come and try to carry off her sister—her sister whose lover ought to be "young and beautiful like a prince"? Mabyn kept repeating the lines to herself all the time they walked homewards; and if Wenna had asked her a question just then, the chances are she would have answered—

Oh, green's forsaken,
And yellow's forsworn,
And blue's the sweetest
Colour that's worn!

But Wenna was otherwise engaged during this homeward walk. Mr. Roscorla, having resolved to go to London, thought he might as well have that little matter about Harry Trelyon cleared up before he went. He had got all the good out of it possible, by nursing whatever inquiet suspicions it provoked, and trying to persuade himself that as he was in some measure jealous he must in some measure be in love. But he had not the courage to take these suspicions with

him to London; they were not pleasant travelling companions.

"I wonder," he said, in rather a nervous way, "whether I shall see young Trelyon in London."

Wenna was not at all disturbed by the mention of the name. She only said, with a smile—

"It is a big place to seek any one in."

"You know he is there?"

"Oh yes," she answered directly.

"It is odd that you should know, for he has not told any one up at Trelyon Hall; in fact, no one appears to have heard anything about him but yourself."

"How very silly of him," Wenna said, "to be so thoughtless! Doesn't his mother know? Do you think she would like to know?"

"Well," said he, with marked coldness, "doubtless she would be surprised at his having communicated with you in preference to any one else."

Wenna's soft dark eyes were turned up to his face with a sudden look of astonishment. He had never spoken to her in this way before. She could not understand. And then she said, very quickly, and with a sudden flush of colour to the pale face—

"Oh! but this letter is only about the dog. I will show it to you. I have it in my pocket."

She took out the letter and handed it to him; and he might have seen that her hand trembled. She was very much perturbed—she scarcely knew why. But there was something in his manner that had almost frightened her—something distant, and harsh, and suspicious; and surely she had done no wrong?

He smoothed out the crumpled sheet of paper, and a contemptuous smile passed over his face.

"He writes with more care to you than to most people; but I can't say much for his handwriting at the best."

Wenna coloured and said nothing; but Mabyne remarked, rather warmly—

"I don't think a man need try to write like a dancing-master, if he means what he says, and can tell you that frankly."

Mr. Roscorla did not heed this remarkably incoherent speech, for he was reading the letter, which ran as follows:—

"Nolan's Hotel, London, July 30, 18—."

"DEAR MISS ROSEWARNE,—I know you would like to have Rock, and he's no good at all as a retriever, and I've written to Luke to take him down to you at the inn, and I shall be very pleased if you

will accept him as a present from me. Either Luke or your father will tell you how to feed him; and I am sure you will be kind to him, and not chain him up, and give him plenty of exercise. I hope you are all well at the inn, and that Mabyne's pigeons have not flown away. Tell her not to forget the piece of looking-glass.

"Yours faithfully,

"HARRY TRELYON.

"P.S.—I met Joshua Keam quite by accident yesterday. He asked for you most kindly. His leg has been amputated at last."

Here was nothing at which a jealous lover might grumble. Mr. Roscorla handed back the letter with scarcely a word, leaving Wenna to puzzle over what had happened to make him look at her in that strange way. As for Miss Mabyne, that young lady would say nothing to hurt her sister's feelings; but she said many a bitter thing to herself about the character of a gentleman who would read another gentleman's letter, particularly when the former was an elderly gentleman and the latter a young one, and most of all when the young gentleman had been writing to a girl, and that girl her sister Wenna. "But green's forsaken," Mabyne said to herself, as if there was great comfort in that reflection—"green's forsaken, and yellow's forsworn."

And so Mr. Roscorla was going away from Eglosilyan for a time, and Wenna would be left alone. As almost every day now brought her a new and strange experience, she was not surprised that this change of circumstances should set her thinking afresh. She would have to write to him; and the letters of people engaged to each other ought to be affectionate. Hitherto Wenna's letters to her lover had been of a remarkably simple and business-like character, chiefly answering questions of his as to the hour at which he might come down to the inn. She did not quite like the idea of having to write long letters to him at a distance.

Would their parting be very painful? Ought she to feel grieved when he went away? She hoped that other people would be present, and that Mr. Roscorla would treat his going away as a mere matter of course.

Certainly, if this brief separation promised to afflict her grievously, it had not that effect in the meantime; for once she had gone over the matter in her mind, and sketched out, as was her wont, all

that she ought to do, she quickly recovered her cheerfulness, and was in very good spirits indeed when the small party reached Eglosillyan. And here was a small and sunburnt boy—Master Pente-cost Luke, in fact—waiting for her right in the middle of the road in front of the inn, whom she caught up, and kissed, and scolded all at once.

"Whatever are you doing down here, sir, all by yourself?"

"I have tum to see you," the small boy said, in no way frightened or abashed by her rough usage of him.

"And so you want Mr. Trelyon to ride over you again, do you? Haven't I told you never to come here without some of your brothers and sisters? Well, say 'How do you do?' to the gentleman. Don't you know Penny Luke, Mr. Roscorla?"

"I believe I have that honour," said Mr. Roscorla, with a smile, but not at all pleased to be kept in the middle of the road chattering to a cottager's child.

Miss Wenna presently showed that she was a well-built and active young woman, by swinging Master Penny up, and perching him on her shoulder, in which fashion she carried him into the inn.

"Penny is a great friend of mine," she said to Mr. Roscorla, who would not himself have attempted that feat of skill and dexterity, "and you must make his acquaintance. He is a very good boy on the whole, but sometimes he goes near to breaking my heart. I shall have to give him up and take another sweetheart, if he doesn't mind. He *will* eat things with his fingers, and he will run out and get among horses' feet; and as for the way he conducts himself when his face is being washed, and he is being made like a gentleman, I never saw the like of it. And then the impudence of him—why, the other night, when he was repeating his prayers, what must he do but stop half-way, and say, '*God knows the rest, and Penny's very tired!*'"

Mr. Roscorla laughed, and Mabyn hated him for laughing. But what could she expect? Here was her own sister telling the story in a jocular way; and she remembered bitterly that when Wenna first told it to her, two great tears sprang to her eyes, and the end of the narrative was rather confused. Now it was only a joke. There could be no doubt, the younger sister said to herself, with a great anger at her heart, that Wenna's sweet and tender nature was being perverted and destroyed by the influence of this

horrid old wretch of a lover of hers, and the sooner he went in quest of that deadly emerald ring the better.

Mabyn said her prayers that night in the ordinary and formal fashion. She prayed for her father and mother and for her sister Wenna, as she had been taught; and she added in the Princess of Wales on her own account, because she liked her pretty face. She also prayed that she herself should be made humble and good, desirous of serving her fellow-creatures, and charitable to every one. All this was done in due order.

But in point of fact her heart was at that moment far from being meek and charitable; it was, on the contrary, filled with bitterness and indignation. And the real cry of her soul, unknown to herself, went out to all the vague, imaginative powers of magic and witchcraft—to the mysterious influences of the stars and the strange controllers of chance; and it was to these that she looked for the rescue of her sister from the doom that threatened her, and to them that she appealed with a yearning far too great for words or even for tears. When she was but a child playing among the rocks, she had stumbled on the dead body of a sailor that had been washed ashore; and she had run, white and trembling, into the village with the news. Afterwards she was told that on the hand of the corpse a ring with a green stone in it was found; and then she heard for the first time the rhyme that had never since left her memory. She certainly did not wish that Mr. Roscorla should die; but she as certainly wished that her sister Wenna should be saved from becoming his wife; and she reflected with a fierce satisfaction that it was she who had driven him to promise that Wenna's engaged ring should be composed of those fatal stones.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

LUCIE DUFF GORDON was the only child of John and Sara Austin. Her grandfather, Mr. Jonathan Austin, of Creeting Mill, in Suffolk, was a remarkable man, of sturdy good sense and great vigour. He gave all his children a first-rate education. The wisdom and vehement eloquence of Mr. John Austin, author of the "Province of Jurisprudence," made Lord Brougham say, "If John Austin had had health, neither Lyndhurst

nor I should have been Chancellor ;" and the beauty and talent of his wife imparted to a life of narrow means and incessant labour the attraction and elegance of the best society. Mr. John Austin had served in the army, and was in Sicily under Lord William Bentinck. He was called to the bar, and in 1819 married Sara, the youngest daughter of John Taylor, of Norwich. They lived in Queen Square, Westminster, almost next door to the house belonging to Mr. James Mill, the historian of British India, and their windows looked into the garden of Jeremy Bentham. These were the most intimate friends of John Austin ; and here it may be said the utilitarian philosophy of the nineteenth century was born. Bentham's garden was the playground of Lucie Austin and the young Mills ; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison.

Here in Queen Square was born, June 24th, 1821, Lucie, the only child of John and Sara Austin. She was a puny infant, and could scarcely breathe when she came into the world. The surgeon, Maudsley, took her on his knees, and brought her to life by sheer skill in nursing and giving play to the lungs. He afterwards used to boast of the exploit, and call her his child.

Lucie Austin's chief playfellows were her first cousin Henry Reeve, and "Bun Don" (Brother John), as she called the late great philosopher, John Stuart Mill. She grew in vigor and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

It was, I think, in 1826, that the Austins first went to Germany. He had been nominated Professor of Civil Law in the new London University, and he went to Bonn to prepare himself in the law school there. As their residence in Germany was of some duration, Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language.

Her education was of the most random character. She read everything. She lived in a world of fairies and elves. But she had little regular instruction, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. I believe she went for a short time to a mixed school of boys and girls kept by a Dr. Biker at Hampstead, where she learnt Latin.

It would not be easy to say how Lucie Austin acquired her correct and vigorous style and nice sense of language. It was hereditary rather than implanted. But from her earliest years she was accustomed to hear the best of conversation ; the Mills, the Grotes, the Bullers (Charles and Arthur), the Carlyles, the Sterlings, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Rogers, Jeremy Bentham, and Lord Jeffrey, were the most intimate friends of the family ; and "Toodle," as she was called, was a universal favourite. Once staying at a friend's house, and hearing their little girl rebuked for asking questions, she said, "*My mamma never says, 'I don't know,' or, 'Don't ask questions.'*"

In 1836, Mr. Austin was appointed a commissioner at the Island of Malta, and his wife accompanied him. It was thought undesirable to take a girl of fifteen to a hot climate, and she was then for the first time sent to school at Clapham, with a Miss Sheperd. She must have been as great a novelty in the school as the school-life was to her, for with a great deal of strange knowledge she was singularly devoid of many of the rudiments of ordinary instruction. She wrote well already at fifteen, and corresponded a good deal with Mrs. Grote. The following is one of her first letters from school :—

November 6th, 1836.

As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Sheperd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would, so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas I find myself at twelve miles off, within a little at least. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or *au pis aller*, that you will write me a note, letter, or what you will ; so long as it is from you I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you ; and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas, for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to

write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her, as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

At sixteen she determined on being baptized and confirmed as a member of the Church of England (her parents and relations were Unitarians). Lord Mont-eagle was her sponsor, and I believe this step was chiefly owing to his influence and that of his family, with whom she was very intimate, in spite of her Radical ideas. She thus mentions the event in a letter, remarkable for a young girl:—

BROMLEY, February 26th, 1838.

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope more conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think with many I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt; but with the "fear of God" before my eyes I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to others' rule; but my own heart tells me I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more, and I expect and pray if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed to my present opinions will ultimately rejoice in their influence upon my character and

conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could tend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings.

In 1838 Lucie Austin's parents returned from Malta, and she began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her; many new acquaintances mingled with them, as the Austins had become *habités* of Lansdowne House. Here they met Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, who at once became attracted by the mother, and deeply attached to the daughter. They used to walk out together, as she was left much to herself, and had no companions. One day Sir Alexander said to her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about, and hurt at his *brusque* way of mentioning it, and was going to give a sharp answer, when he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied, with characteristic straightforwardness, by the monosyllable, "Yes," and so they were engaged. At this time she translated and published Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," the only literary work she did before her marriage, which took place in Kensington old church, on the 16th of May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember with interest the beauty of the young pair. They took a house in Queen Square, Westminster, No. 8, with a statue of Queen Anne at one end, just opposite the house of Sir Benjamin Howes.

The talent, associated with the beauty, sincerity, and utter unaffectedness, of Lady Duff Gordon, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances, many of whom, alas! have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Mont-eagle, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot Warburton (who was burnt in the *Amazon*), Tom Taylor, Tennyson, Kinglake, and Henry Taylor were *habités*, and every foreigner of talent and renown looked upon the Duff Gordon house as the centre of interest. I remember when a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke walking up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, with now and then a Latin quotation. He was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast, and mixed up all languages into

a compound of his own. When Monsieur Guizot escaped from France, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square. Soon after their marriage my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to Mrs. Austin:—

Our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's *atelier*, where we saw his "Hunnenschlacht," his "Tollhaus," a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last, but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of "Reineke Fuchs," for which I could have worshipped him. The "Lion's Court," the "Cock accusing Reineke to the King," "Reineke keeping School for the Rabbits," and "Reineke stellte sich fromm" (over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down), were finished; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see Reineke's face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners—in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings which might have been Hogarth's, and this Reineke in quite another style; besides which he is a beautiful portrait-painter. We were amused by a bookseller, into whose shop we went to buy the "Gospel of the Life of Maria." He had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's "Leben Christi." Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added, in a most confidential tone, "Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg!" His face was inimitable, and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

In 1842 their eldest child was born, and in 1844 Lady Duff Gordon published her translation of Meinhold's "Amber Witch," and of the "French in Algiers." The year after she translated Feuerbach's "Remarkable German Crimes and Trials."

In 1846 my father had the cholera very badly, and Lord Lansdowne, ever thoughtful and kind, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn. Thence my mother wrote:—

RICHMOND, August 1846.

Here we are in the most perfect of villas; were the weather but tolerable it would be a paradise, but, alas! Novem-

ber could not be more cold, damp, and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. [Lady Charlotte Lindsay] at Petersham, all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation master in London this year again, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Lord Lansdowne was here for a day in passing through London, and he was "so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed." Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, and Landseer and Eastlake.

The most amusing book this year is Ford's "Handbook of Spain," one of the "Red Murrys." It is written in a style between Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book—so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. How I envy you Munich. If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl; and look at Albrecht Dürer's pale, beautiful face in the gallery, and *grüss* him for me—so sweet and so sad, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair.

This house is Bowood on a diminished scale. Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady and himself a great butler.

"Hassen el Bakkeet" was quite a feature of the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had taken him in from charity one night, his master having turned him out of doors because he was going blind. She took care of him, and he devoted himself to her and still more to the eldest child, whose constant playmate he was. Mr. Hilliard, the American author, was much shocked at seeing Hassan come into the dining-room with the baby in his arms. The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, with good wages. His mistress advised him to accept the place, upon which he fell on his knees and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away, as he said, "5*l.* a year with you are sweeter than the 12*l.* a year he offers." He was then twelve.

He associated himself entirely with the family. On the birth of a son he said triumphantly to all callers, "*We* have got a boy." One evening when Prince Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor

of the French, came unexpectedly to dinner, Hassan announced gravely, "Please, my lady, I ran out and bought two pennyworth of sprats for the prince."

Poor Hassan caught cold at Weybridge, and died about 1849; and never was a servant more regretted.

In 1847 Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon translated together Ranke's "History of Prussia," and wrote the "Sketches of German Life."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend, William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. During the riots in 1848 the men came to protect their "lady." She thus describes the night of the 10th of April:—

I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle preparing for our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had here last night. All was quiet. We had supper—cold beef, bread, and beer, with songs, sentiments, and toasts, such as "Success to the roof we are under," "Liberty, brotherhood, and order." Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five o'clock this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonder-struck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good humour; and Alick came home at midnight, and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny we shall send books for the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternize. I shall send cravats as a badge to the "Gordon Volunteers." We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop. Indeed, I think, one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six feet high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, nor sleep in the house, would have scattered them. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would "just suit the 'lazy set.'"

The Austins had taken a long, low, rambling old house at Weybridge in Surrey, where we used to spend the summer months; but the house was too small for two families, and in the spring of 1851, my father took a house at Esher, about four miles from Weybridge, where

they lived until my mother's health made it necessary for her to leave England. The following extracts from letters to a valued and intimate friend will tell of her life better than I can:—

WEYBRIDGE, 17th October, 1850.

I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for M.'s health. He is very well and immensely tall. I still like my *campanard* existence of all things; it just suits my laziness and my children's health and happiness. Alick, too, looks ten years younger than he ever did in London.

I have set up a working man's library and reading-room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think; they all like it much; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business, and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here; at any rate it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don't know any news to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

ESHER, May 1st, 1851.

When I received your letter of 20th January, I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks, sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge, immediately after nursing the children through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square, and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice old-fashioned house, on the top of a high hill, close to Claremont, which joins our garden and field, and where beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them.

I am still very weak, but very busy getting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar or "bag full of anything," when it arrives, but I am uneasy about it, as I fear it has been made into grog on board ship; it is, however, not needed to sweeten our remembrance of you. My

library at Weybridge was very successful. I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

My father is not well; I think he is much aged of late. Lord Langdale's death affected him terribly, and our leaving Weybridge was a great annoyance to him; but the house was impossibly small.

ESHER, 20th July, 1851.

I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you; how I wish it could be done *visâ voce* instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper. *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. To-day I ought to be dining at Senior's (where Alick is spending some days), but I feel too low and exactly what is called "not up" to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy, and warm, and pretty. We have a kind of half project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling, at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. I continue to like Esher very much; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Kinglake has given Alick a great, handsome chestnut mare, so he is well-mounted, and we ride merrily.

ESHER, 18th August, 1851.

'Twill indeed be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months; but then there's the going back again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot—92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips the painter lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time. I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat in Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs. I like my rural existence better and better: the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever. I expressed such glee and exultation at the

idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathize. Phillips talked of jealousy, and Tom Taylor muttered something about a "hated rival." Meanwhile all send friendly greeting to you.

ESHER, 15th June, 1854.

Now for news. Alick is very well, and extremely portly and dignified-looking. I am rather better, but quite old, and my hair quite grey.

Last Thursday we went to E——'s wedding, and all went off like the end of a novel. Everybody made pretty speeches; bride and bridegroom looked equally lovely, and we "blessed them unawares," and threw white satin slippers after them instead of old shoes.

We have just finished translating a book of Moltke's, a Prussian major, on the Russian campaigns of 1828–29, very interesting, especially now that all the world is thinking and talking of the war.

I saw the opening of the Crystal Palace on the tenth, which was a fine sight as far as the building and the crowd went, but a very ridiculous ceremony. I wish I were with you enjoying some heat. I am now poking the fire, at noonday, on the 15th June, and have rheumatism so that I can hardly write at all. I shall leave Alick to finish this tiresome yarn, as he may have some news to tell you, which such a country mouse as I cannot.

Our dear old house at Esher was nothing very remarkable in itself, having been, I believe, an inn, with a small cottage near. The space between the two had been built over and made the dining-room and drawing-room, L shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china, and the pretty garden sloped upwards from the back of the house to Claremont Park palings. The view from the front windows was beautiful; the "sluggish Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of the boat, on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees, with which the river abounds. Once we lost all our wine, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in very deep water, while Ary Schaffer, who was staying at Esher to paint Queen Marie-Amélie's portrait, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful — over endless commons, through large covers and green, shady lanes, and in the fir-wood behind Claremont, with its small lake called the Black Pool in the centre. It was near this lake that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my water-proof to put under the prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing the Comte de Paris carried up to the house. The princes always sent to tell us of the meets of their harriers, and we had famous runs in the cramped country about; small fields, big fences, and large water-jumps in the low-lying land near the river. They were most popular with everybody, and they well deserved it, being kind, courteous, and amiable to all.

In the autumn of 1854 we all went to Paris, where my mother often saw Heinrich Heine, the poet. The following letter has already been published in Lord Houghton's monographs: —

My husband tells me that you wish to have my recollections of poor Heine when I last saw him. I had known him about twenty years ago as a child of ten or eleven at Boulogne, where I sat next him at *table d'hôte*. He was then a fat, short man, short-sighted, and with a sensual mouth. He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, "When you go back to England you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine." I replied, "And who is Heinrich Heine?" He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, water-sprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle, who was diligently taking three sea-baths a day, were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the water-sprites brought him greetings from the "Nord See." He since told me that the poem "Wenn ich an deinem Hause," etc., was meant for me and my "braune Augen." He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet who had told me the beautiful stories and been so kind to me, and so sarcastic to every one else.

I never saw him again till I went to

Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor, and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told "Mährchen" years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident, and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, "with sugar and spices so sweet," while after her decease, "the parson licked up the rest." This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecc Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin, white fingers, and exclaimed, "Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!" He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as "die kleine Lucie" had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, "Das ist schön; es bekommt einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben." I took my husband to see him, and we bid him good-bye. He said that he hoped to see me again, ill as he was; he should not die yet.

Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows: —

"Hoch geehrte grossbritannische Götin Lucie, —

"Ich liess durch den Bedienten zurück-

melden, dass ich, mit Ausnahme des letzten Mittwochs, alle Tage und zu jeder beliebigen Stunde bereit sey, your Godship bey mir zu empfangen. Aber ich habe bis heute vergebens auf solcher himmlischen Erscheinung gewartet. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, dem armen Schatten in den Elisäischen Feldern! Lassen Sie mich nicht zu lange warten. Anbey schicke ich Ihnen die vier ersten Bände der französischen Ausgabe meiner unglückseligen Werke. Unterdessen verharre ich Ihrer Göttlichkeit,

"Unterthänigsten und ergebensten Anbeter,

"HEINRICH HEINE.

"N.B. The parson drank the gruel water."

I went immediately, and climbed upstairs to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said, "Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel: gewiss sterb ich bald." I said, "Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael aussehen können? Das war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden." He answered, "Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unausstehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz verzöglichen Freunde — dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere." I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well

translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings — a tone of vigorous protest and disgust of mob-tyranny, past, present, and future; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say "Lebewohl auf ewig," or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as "ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel," to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the "bösen französischen Gedanken." When he spoke German to me he called me "Du," and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which Germans use to a child; in French I was "Madame," and "Vous."

It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended "la vieille gaieté française," but he said, "Oui, c'est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c'était une gaieté un peu bête." He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that

nation who "sit in the scorner's seat;" whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with "des larmes dans la voix." He also talked a good deal about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope, and trust would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad pale face and eager manner of poor Heine.

My mother's health got worse and worse, and after trying Ventnor for two or three winters, she was advised to go a long sea voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. She went out in 1860 in a sailing vessel. Her letters from thence have been published, and show the kindly nature and large-minded humanity which characterized her. In 1862 she returned rather better, but was persuaded to go to Eaux Bonnes, which did her great harm; from there she went to Egypt, and at first the fine dry climate seemed to arrest the progress of the malady. Her letters will tell of her life there better than I can, and will show why the Arabs still speak of her with such love and reverence. She returned to England once to see her family and her old friends, and my father went to visit her at Cairo. In 1866 she was very much altered by illness, but the old charm of manner, the eloquent talk, and the sympathy with everybody and everything oppressed by suffering, still remained.

In 1867, through the kindness of Nubar Pasha, I was enabled to go up the Nile, in a government steamer, and say good-bye to my mother prior to quitting Egypt for good. My husband and I left Cairo late in February, and stuck on various sand-banks as the river was very low. On our arrival at the different coal-ing stations and stopping places, the villages seemed almost deserted, and there was very little food to be bought. Our servant, Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a government steamer, were supposed to be people who would be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that to rights. So Mohammed tumbled over the steamer's side, and swimming like a fish, went ashore, and cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he

entered the next village, where we were to anchor, and proclaimed that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt el Kebeer," the great lady (as the Arabs called my mother), who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. From that time we had no more difficulties about food, save to make the people take money. In Egypt it is wonderful how fast news travels. In many places we found people waiting with presents of milk and Arab bread, fowls and eggs. One had been cured by the "Sitt el Kebeer," another had a cousin to whom she had been kind, to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Kenh having ridden on to announce the glad tidings to my mother; and the Ulema actually sent the religious flags to decorate her house and meet us. The *sakkas* (water-carriers) had sprinkled a path for us from the river's bank to her house, and there was general rejoicing in the little village. Of course all the notabilities of the place came to have a look at the *howagar* (gentleman, really merchant), and the daughter of the *Sitt*; and we had endless salaaming to do. The *bedawees* came and did fantasia under the balcony, galloping round, their lances stuck in the ground, and shouting wildly. They insisted too on accompanying us to the tombs of the kings in the valley opposite, and the ferryman would not let us pay him for taking us across the river.

Then we had to dine with Seleem Effendi, the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon. My husband on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern-bearers. As we passed the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us; and some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

We had a most elaborate dinner of many courses, all very good, but very odd; and we made no end of pretty speeches to each other; and then we had chibouques and coffee, and the Maohn's wife actually came in and sat

with us, notwithstanding the presence of the *Howagar*. He belonged to the "Sitt el Kebeer," that was enough. We remained three days at Luxor, and then went up to Assouan, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same love and reverence shown her. We went to Philae, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philae, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On our return to Thebes, my mother hoped to find her own boat, which was let to some friends, and to be able to have the loan of it for two days, so as to go down the river with us as far as Keneh, and then sail back. But the "Urania" had not arrived, and we were much disappointed at having to give up our proposed trip, when a Nubian trader, who had heard from our crew that the "Sitt el Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt el Kebeer," who during the cholera had saved a nephew of his who was passing by on his boat, and had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused unless the man would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-ala-Noor" (another name they called my mother—"Light from the light"), but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah, did not care for his goods one para; that the *Sitt* had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one; but that he was a *meskeen* (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present.

So we started next morning for Keneh in the steamer, towing the boat behind us. Half the population of Luxor came to say good-bye, and every one brought

a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter; one had baked specially during the night in order to give us fresh bread. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf gave me some beautiful antiquities, and a Copt, Teodoros, whose little boy my mother had nursed and taught to read and write English, wanted me to take an alabaster jar, out of a tomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given me scarabæi and other things, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some months after, worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board. He became a great pet and a regular fighting ram in Alexandria, and went out with the horses in the morning to bathe in the sea. I bought her another lamb at Keneh, and sent it back by my mother.

At Keneh, the Maohn sent his donkey splendidly caparisoned, with a saï, for my mother, and insisted on giving us an entertainment. First a dinner, excellent but endless, and afterwards the two famous dancing-girls, Zeyneb and Lateefeh, danced and sang for us. Zeyneb was very pretty, had a lovely figure, and was very fascinating in manner and voice.

The most amusing mistake occurred here. I had always heard the Maohn spoken of as "Oum Azeein," and addressed him so all dinner time with great civility. I saw Omar laugh behind my mother, and at last he said to me, "Oh, Sitt, that is not his name, but people call him so for laughing. 'Oum Azeein' means 'mother of beauty,' and seest thou not that he is ugly, and has but one eye?" I was dreadfully put out, and did not know how to get out of my blunder; but Saeed Ahmad, with true Arab politeness, pretended not to have perceived anything. We rode back to the boat with great state, and next morning we left my mother, to return to Cairo, while she sailed back to Thebes.

The last two years of my mother's life were a long struggle against deadly disease, but her kindness to, and interest in, the poor people who were devoted to her never flagged. My brother was with her, and my father and I were going out to Egypt when we suddenly received the news of her death on the 14th July, 1869, at Cairo. She had wished to die and be

buried "among my own people," as she said, at Thebes, where the Sheykh had prepared her tomb among those of his own family, who descend from the Prophet. Feeling, however, that she would not be able to go back to Thebes, she gave orders to be buried as quietly as possible in Cairo, where she lies in the English cemetery.

With all her old friends the memory of her talent, perfect simplicity, and almost Quixotic siding with those in trouble or oppressed, joined to singular beauty and great power of language, will remain; saddened by the recollection of the dire malady which forced her to leave home and friends, and called forth the almost Roman stoicism with which she bore very great pain uncomplainingly, and always found means to do good to all around her.

JANET ROSS.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XLV.

TROY'S ROMANTICISM.

WHEN Troy's wife had left the house at the previous midnight his first act was to cover the dead from sight. This done he ascended the stairs, and throwing himself down upon the bed, dressed as he was, he waited miserably for the morning.

Fate had dealt grimly with him through the last four and twenty hours. His day had been spent in a way which varied very materially from his intentions regarding it. There is always an inertia to be overcome in striking out a new line of conduct — not more in ourselves, it seems, than in circumscribing events, which appear as if leagued together to allow no novelties in the way of amelioration.

Twenty pounds having been secured from Bathsheba, he had managed to add to the sum every farthing he could muster on his own account, which had been seven pounds ten. With this money, twenty-seven pounds ten in all, he had hastily driven from the gate that morning to keep his appointment with Fanny Robin.

On reaching Casterbridge he left the horse and trap at an inn, and at five minutes before ten went to the bridge at the further end of the town, and sat himself upon the parapet. The clocks struck the

hour and no Fanny appeared. In fact at that moment she was being robed in her grave-clothes by two attendants at the Union poor-house — the first and last tiring-women the gentle creature had ever been honoured with. The quarter went, the half-hour. A rush of recollection came upon Troy as he waited: this was the second time she had broken a serious engagement with him. In anger he vowed it should be the last, and at eleven o'clock, when he had lingered and watched the stones of the bridge till he knew every lichen upon their faces, and heard the chink of the ripples underneath till they oppressed him, he jumped from his seat, went to the inn for his gig, and in a bitter mood of indifference concerning the past, and recklessness about the future, drove on to Budmouth races.

He reached the race-course at two o'clock, and remained either there or in the town till nine. But Fanny's image as it had appeared to him in the sombre shadows of that Saturday evening returned to his mind, backed up by Bathsheba's reproaches. He vowed he would not bet, and he kept his vow, for on leaving the town at nine o'clock in the evening he had diminished his cash only to the extent of a few shillings.

He trotted slowly homeward, and it was now that he was struck for the first time with a thought that Fanny had been really prevented by illness from keeping her promise. This time she could have made no mistake. He regretted that he had not remained at Casterbridge and made enquiries. Reaching home he quietly unharnessed the horse and came in-doors, as we have seen, to the fearful shock that awaited him.

As soon as it grew light enough to distinguish objects, Troy arose from the coverlet of the bed, and in a mood of absolute indifference to Bathsheba's whereabouts, and almost oblivious of her existence, he stalked down-stairs and left the house by the back door. His walk was towards the church-yard, entering which he searched around till he found a newly dug unoccupied grave. The position of this having been marked he hastened on to Casterbridge, only pausing and musing for a while at the hill whereon he had last seen Fanny alive.

Reaching the town, Troy descended into a side street and entered a pair of gates surmounted by a board bearing the words, "Harrison, stone and marble mason." Within were lying about stones of all sizes and designs inscribed as be-

ing sacred to the memory of unnamed persons who had not yet died.

Troy was so unlike himself now in look, word, and deed, that the want of likeness was perceptible even to his own consciousness. His method of engaging himself in this business of purchasing a tomb was that of an absolutely unpractised man. He could not bring himself to consider, calculate, or economize. He waywardly wished for something, and he set about obtaining it like a child in a nursery. "I want a good tomb," he said to the man who stood in a little office within the yard. "I want as good a one as you can give me for twenty-seven pounds."

It was all the money he possessed.

"That sum to include everything?"

"Everything. Cutting the name, carriage to Weatherbury, and erection. And I want it now, at once."

"We could not get anything special worked this week."

"I must have it now."

"If you would like one of these in stock it could be got ready immediately."

"Very well," said Troy, impatiently.

"Let's see what you have."

"The best I have in stock is this one," said the stone-cutter, going into a shed.

"Here's a marble head-stone beautifully crocketed, with medallions beneath of typical subjects; here's the foot-stone after the same pattern, and here's the coping to enclose the grave. The polishing alone of the set cost me eleven pounds—the slabs are the best of their kind, and I can warrant them to resist rain and frost for a hundred years without flying."

"And how much?"

"Well I could add the name and put it up at Weatherbury for the sum you mention."

"Get it done to-day, and I'll pay the money now."

The man agreed, and wondered at such a mood in a visitor who wore not a shred of mourning. Troy then wrote the words which were to form the inscription, settled the account, and went away. In the afternoon he came back again, and found that the lettering was almost done. He waited in the yard till the tomb was packed, and saw it placed in the cart and starting on its way to Weatherbury, giving directions to the two men who were to accompany it to enquire of the sexton for the grave of the person named in the inscription.

It was quite dark when Troy came out of Casterbridge. He carried rather a

heavy basket upon his arm, with which he strode moodily along the road, resting occasionally at bridges and gates, whereon he deposited his burden for a time. Midway on his journey he met in the darkness the men and the waggon which had conveyed the tomb. He merely enquired if the work was done, and, on being assured that it was, passed on again.

Troy entered Weatherbury church-yard about ten o'clock, and went immediately to the corner where he had marked the vacant grave early in the morning. It was on the north side of the tower, screened to a great extent from the view of passers along the road—a spot which until lately had been abandoned to heaps of stones and bushes of alder, but now it was cleared and made orderly for interments, by reason of the rapid filling of the ground elsewhere.

Here now stood the tomb as the men had stated, snow-white and shapely in the gloom, with a head and foot stone, and enclosing border of marble-work uniting them. In the midst was mould, suitable for plants.

Troy deposited his basket beside the tomb, and vanished for a few minutes. When he returned he carried a spade and a lantern, the light of which he directed for a few moments upon the tomb, whilst he read the inscription. He hung his lantern on the lowest bough of the yew-tree, and took from his basket flower-roots of several varieties. There were bundles of snowdrops, hyacinth and crocus bulbs, violets and double daises, which were to bloom in early spring, and of carnations, pinks, picotees, lilies of the valley, forget-me-not, summer's-farewell, meadow-saffron, and others, for the later seasons of the year.

Troy laid these out upon the grass, and with an impassive face set to work to plant them. The snowdrops were arranged in a line on the outside of the coping, the remainder within the enclosure of the grave. The crocuses and hyacinths were to grow in rows; some of the summer flowers he placed over her head and feet, the lilies and forget-me-nots over her heart. The remainder were dispersed in the spaces between these.

Troy, in his prostration at this time, had no perception that in the futility of these romantic doings, dictated by a remorseful reaction from previous indifference, there was any element of absurdity. Deriving his idiosyncracies from both sides of the Channel, he showed at such junctures as the present the inelasticity

of the Englishman, mingled with that blindness to the line where sentiment verges on mawkishness, so characteristic of the French.

It was a cloudy, muggy, and very dark night, and the rays from Troy's lantern spread into the two old yews with a strange illuminating power, flickering, as it seemed, up to the black ceiling of cloud above. He felt a large drop of rain upon the back of his hand, and presently one came and entered the open side of the lantern, whereupon the candle sputtered and went out. Troy was weary, and it being now not far from midnight, and the rain threatening to increase, he resolved to leave the finishing touches of his labour until the day should break. He groped along the wall and over the graves in the dark till he found himself round at the south side. Here he entered the porch, and, reclining upon the bench within, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE GURGOYLE: ITS DOINGS.

THE tower of Weatherbury church was a square erection of fourteenth century date, having two stone gargoyles on each of the four faces of its parapet. Of these eight carved protuberances only two at this time continued to serve the purpose of their erection—that of spouting the water from the lead roof within. One mouth in each front had been closed by bygone churchwardens as superfluous, and two others were broken away and choked—a matter not of much consequence to the well-being of the tower, for the two mouths which still remained open and active were gaping enough to do all the work.

It has been sometimes argued that there is no truer criterion of the vitality of any given art-period than the power of the master-spirits of that time in grotesque; and certainly in the instance of Gothic art there is no disputing the proposition. Weatherbury tower was a somewhat early instance of the use of an ornamental parapet in parish as distinct from cathedral churches, and the gargoyles, which are the necessary correlatives of a parapet, were exceptionally prominent—of the boldest cut that the hand could shape, and of the most original design that a human brain could conceive. There was, so to speak, that symmetry in their distortion which is less the characteristic of British than of Continental grotesques of the period. All the

eight were different from each other. A beholder was convinced that nothing on earth could be more hideous than those he saw on the south side until he went round to the north. Of the two on this latter face only that at the north-eastern corner concerns the story. It was too human to be called like a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal to be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide; it had short, erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers and hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. The lower row of teeth was quite washed away, though the upper still remained. Here and thus, jutting a couple of feet from the wall against which its feet rested as a support, the creature had for four hundred years laughed at the surrounding landscape, voicelessly in dry weather, and in wet with a gurgling and snorting sound.

Troy slept on in the porch, and the rain increased outside. Presently the gargoyle spat. In due time a small stream began to trickle through the seventy feet of aerial space between its mouth and the ground, which the water-drops smote like duck-shot in their accelerated velocity. The stream thickened in substance, and increased in power, gradually spouting further and yet further from the side of the tower. When the rain fell in a steady and ceaseless torrent the stream dashed downward in volumes.

We follow its course to the ground at this point of time. The base of the liquid parabola has come forward from the wall, has advanced over the plinth mouldings, over a heap of stones, over the marble border, into the midst of Fanny Robin's grave.

The force of the stream had, until very lately, been received upon some loose stones spread thereabout, which had acted as a shield to the soil under the onset. These during the summer had been cleared from the ground, and there was now nothing to resist the downfall but the bare earth. For several years the stream had not spouted so far from the tower as it was doing on this night, and such a contingency had been overlooked. Sometimes this obscure corner received no inhabitant for the space of two or three years, and then it was usually but a pauper, a poacher, or other sinner of undignified sins.

The persistent torrent from the gargoyle's jaws directed all its vengeance into the grave. The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their bed. The winter-violets turned slowly upside down, and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrop and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off.

Troy did not awake from his comfortless sleep till it was broad day. Not having been in bed for two nights his shoulders felt stiff, his feet tender, and his head heavy. He remembered his position, arose, shivered, took the spade, and again went out.

The rain had quite ceased, and the sun was shining through the green, brown, and yellow leaves, now sparkling and varnished by the rain-drops to the brightness of similar effects in the landscapes of Ruysdael and Hobbema, and full of all those infinite beauties that arise from the union of water and colour with high lights. The air was rendered so transparent by the heavy fall of rain that the autumn hues of the middle distance were as rich as those near at hand, and the remote fields intercepted by the angle of the tower appeared in the same plane as the tower itself.

He entered the gravel path which would take him behind the tower. The path, instead of being stony as it had been the night before, was browned over with a thin coating of mud. At one place in the path he saw a tuft of stringy roots washed white and clean as a bundle of tendons. He picked it up—surely it could not be one of the primroses he had planted? He saw a bulb, another, and another as he advanced. Beyond doubt they were the crocuses. With a face of perplexed dismay Troy turned the corner and then beheld the wreck the stream had made.

The pool upon the grave had soaked away into the ground, and in its place was a hollow. The disturbed earth was washed over the grass and pathway in the guise of the brown mud he had already seen, and it spotted the marble tombstone with the same stains. Nearly

all the flowers were washed clean out of the ground, and they lay, roots upwards, on the spots whither they had been splashed by the stream.

Troy's brow became heavily contracted. He set his teeth closely, and his compressed lips moved as those of one in great pain. This singular accident, by a strange confluence of emotions in him, was felt as the sharpest sting of all. Troy's face was very expressive, and any observer who had seen him now would hardly have believed him to be a man who had laughed, and sung, and poured love-trifles into a woman's ear. To curse his miserable lot was at first his impulse, but even that lowest stage of rebellion needed an activity whose absence was necessarily antecedent to the existence of the morbid misery which wrung him. The sight, coming as it did, superimposed upon the other dark scenery of the previous days, formed a sort of climax to the whole panorama, and it was more than he could endure. Sanguine by nature, Troy had a power of eluding grief by simply adjourning it. He could put off the consideration of any particular spectre till the matter had become old and softened by time. The planting of flowers on Fanny's grave had been perhaps but a species of elusion of the primary grief, and now it was as if his intention had been known and circumvented.

Almost for the first time in his life, Troy, as he stood by this dismantled grave, wished himself another man. It is seldom that a person with much animal spirit does not feel that the fact of his life being his own is the one qualification which singles it out as a more hopeful life than that of others who may actually resemble him in every particular. Troy had felt, in his transient way, hundreds of times, that he could not envy other people their condition, because the possession of that condition would have necessitated a different personality, when he desired no other than his own. He had not minded the peculiarities of his birth, the vicissitudes of his life, the meteor-like uncertainty of all that related to him, because these appertained to the hero of his story, without whom there would have been no story at all for him; and it seemed to be only in the nature of things that matters would right themselves at some proper date and wind up well. This very morning the illusion completed its disappearance, and, as it were all of a sudden, Troy hated himself.

The suddenness was probably more apparent than real. A coral reef which just comes short of the ocean surface is no more to the horizon than if it had never been begun, and the mere finishing stroke is what often appears to create an event which has long been potentially an accomplished thing.

He stood and meditated—a miserable man. Whither should he go? “He that is accursed, let him be accursed still,” was the pitiless anathema written in this spoliated effort of his new-born solicitousness. A man who has spent his primal strength in journeying in one direction has not much spirit left for reversing his course. Troy had, since yesterday, faintly reversed his; but the merest opposition had disheartened him. To turn about would have been hard enough under the greatest Providential encouragement; but to find that Providence, far from helping him into a new course, or showing any wish that he might adopt one, actually jeered his first trembling and critical attempt in that kind, was more than nature could bear.

He slowly withdrew from the grave. He did not attempt to fill up the hole, replace the flowers, or do anything at all. He simply threw up his cards and forswore his game for that time and always. Going out of the church-yard silently and unobserved—none of the villagers having yet risen—he passed down some fields at the back, and emerged just as secretly upon the high road. Shortly afterwards he had gone from the village.

Meanwhile Bathsheba remained a voluntary prisoner in the attic. The door was kept locked, except during the entries and exits of Liddy, for whom a bed had been arranged in a small adjoining room. The light of Troy’s lantern in the church-yard was noticed about ten o’clock by the maid-servant, who casually glanced from the window in that direction whilst taking her supper, and she called Bathsheba’s attention to it. They looked curiously at the phenomenon for a time, until Liddy was sent to bed.

Bathsheba did not sleep very heavily that night. When her attendant was unconscious and softly breathing in the next room, the mistress of the house was still looking out of the window at the faint gleam spreading from among the trees—not in a steady shine, but blinking like a revolving coast-light, though this appearance failed to suggest to her that a person was passing and repassing in front of it. Bathsheba sat here till it

began to rain, and the light vanished when she withdrew to lie restlessly in her bed and reëntact in a worn mind the lurid scene of yesternight. Almost before the first faint sign of dawn appeared she arose again, and opened the window to obtain a full breathing of the new morning air, the panes being now wet with trembling tears left by the night rain, each one rounded with a pale lustre caught from primrose-hued slashes through a cloud low down in the awakening sky. From the trees came the sound of steady dripping upon the drifted leaves under them, and from the direction of the church she could hear another noise—peculiar, and not intermittent like the rest—the purl of water falling into a pool.

Liddy knocked at eight o’clock, and Bathsheba unlocked the door.

“What a heavy rain we’ve had in the night, ma’am!” said Liddy, when her enquiries about breakfast had been made.

“Yes; very heavy.”

“Did you hear the strange noise from the church-yard?”

“I heard one strange noise. I’ve been thinking it must have been the water from the tower spouts.”

“Well, that’s what the shepherd was saying, ma’am. He’s now gone on to see.”

“Oh! Gabriel has been here this morning?”

Only just looked in in passing—quite in his old way, which I thought he had left off lately. But the tower spouts used to spatter on the stones, and we are puzzled, for this was like the boiling of a pot.”

Not being able to read, think, or work, Bathsheba asked Liddy to stay and breakfast with her. The tongue of the more childish woman still ran upon recent events. “Are you going across to the church, ma’am?” she asked.

“Not that I know of,” said Bathsheba.

“I thought you might like to go and see where they have put Fanny. The tree hides the place from your window.”

Bathsheba had all sorts of dreads about meeting her husband. “Has Mr. Troy been in to-night?” she said.

“No, ma’am; I think he’s gone to Budmouth.”

Budmouth! The sound of the word carried with it a much diminished perspective of him and his deeds; there were fifteen miles interval betwixt them now. She hated questioning Liddy about her husband’s movements, and indeed

had hitherto sedulously avoided doing so; but now all the house knew that there had been some dreadful disagreement between them, and it was futile to attempt disguise. Bathsheba had reached a stage at which people cease to have any appreciative regard for public opinion.

"What makes you think he has gone there?" she said.

"Laban Tall saw him on the Budmouth road this morning before breakfast."

Bathsheba was momentarily relieved of that wayward heaviness of the past twenty-four hours which had quenched the vitality of youth in her without substituting the philosophy of maturer years, and she resolved to go out and walk a little way. So when breakfast was over, she put on her bonnet, and took a direction towards the church. It was nine o'clock, and the men having returned to work again from their first meal, she was not likely to meet many of them in the road. Knowing that Fanny had been laid in the reprobates' quarter of the graveyard, called in the parish "behind church," which was invisible from the road, it was impossible to resist the impulse to enter and look upon a spot which, from nameless feelings, she at the same time dreaded to see. She had been unable to overcome an impression that some connection existed between her rival and the light through the trees.

Bathsheba skirted the buttress, and beheld the hole and the tomb, its delicately veined surface splashed and stained just as Troy had seen it and left it two hours earlier. On the other side of the scene stood Gabriel. His eyes, too, were fixed on the tomb, and her arrival having been noiseless, she had not as yet attracted his attention. Bathsheba did not at once perceive that the grand tomb and the disturbed grave were Fanny's, and she looked on both sides and around for some humbler mound, earthed up and cloddied in the usual way. Then her eye followed Oak's, and she read the words with which the inscription opened:—

Erected by Francis Troy in memory of Fanny Robin.

Oak saw her, and his first act was to gaze enquiringly and learn how she received this knowledge of the authorship of the work, which to himself had caused considerable astonishment. But such discoveries did not much affect her now. Emotional convulsions seemed to have become the commonplaces of her history, and she bade him good-morning, and

asked him to fill in the hole with the spade which was standing by. Whilst Oak was doing as she desired, Bathsheba collected the flowers, and began planting them with that sympathetic manipulation of roots and leaves which is so conspicuous in a woman's gardening, and which flowers seem to understand and thrive upon. She requested Oak to get the church-wardens to turn the lead-work at the mouth of the gargoyle that hung gaping down upon them, that by this means the stream might be directed sideways, and a repetition of the accident prevented. Finally, with the superfluous magnanimity of a woman whose converse and narrower instincts have brought down bitterness upon her instead of love, she wiped the mud spots from the tomb as if she rather liked its words than otherwise, and went home again.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ADVENTURES BY THE SHORE.

TROY wandered along towards the west. A composite feeling, made up of disgust with the, to him, hunderd tedium of a farmer's life, gloomy images of her who lay in the church-yard, remorse, and a general aversion to his wife's society, impelled him to seek a home in any place on earth save Weatherbury. The sad accessories of Fanny's end confronted him as vivid pictures which threatened to be indelible, and made life in Bathsheba's house intolerable. At three in the afternoon he found himself at the foot of a slope more than a mile in length, which ran to the ridge of a range of hills lying parallel with the shore, and forming a monotonous barrier between the basin of cultivated country inland and the wilder scenery of the coast. Up the hill stretched a road perfectly straight and perfectly white, the two sides approaching each other in a gradual taper till they met the sky at the top about two miles off. Throughout the length of this narrow and irksome inclined plane not a sign of life was visible on this garish afternoon. Troy toiled up the road with a languor and depression greater than any he had experienced for many a day and year before. The air was warm and muggy, and the top seemed to recede as he approached.

At last he reached the summit, and a new and novel prospect burst upon him with an effect almost like that of the Pacific upon Balboa's gaze. The broad steely sea, marked only by faint lines,

which had a semblance of being etched thereon to a degree not deep enough to disturb its general evenness, stretched the whole width of his front and round to the left, where, near the town and port of Budmouth, the sun bristled down upon it, and banished all colour to substitute in its place a clear oily polish. Nothing moved in sky, land, or sea, except a frill of milk-white foam along the nearer angles of the shore, shreds of which licked the contiguous stones like tongues.

He descended and came to a small basin of sea enclosed by the cliffs. Troy's nature freshened within him; he thought he would rest and bathe here before going further. He undressed and plunged in. Inside the cove the water was uninteresting to a swimmer, being smooth as a pond, and to get a little of the ocean swell Troy presently swam between the two projecting spurs of rock which formed the Pillars of Hercules to this miniature Mediterranean. Unfortunately for Troy a current unknown to him existed outside, which, unimportant to craft of any burden, was awkward for a swimmer who might be taken in it unawares. Troy found himself carried to the left and then round in a swoop out to sea.

He now recollected the place and its sinister character. Many bathers had there prayed for a dry death from time to time, and, like Gonzalo, had been unanswered; and Troy began to deem it possible that he might be added to their number. Not a boat of any kind was at present within sight, but far in the distance Budmouth lay upon the sea, as it were quietly regarding his efforts, and beside the town the harbour showed its position by a dim mesh-work of ropes and spars. After well-nigh exhausting himself in attempts to get back to the mouth of the cove, in his weakness swimming several inches deeper than was his wont, keeping up his breathing entirely by his nostrils, turning upon his back a dozen times over, swimming *en papillon*, and so on, Troy resolved as a last resource to tread water at a slight incline, and so endeavour to reach the shore at any point, merely giving himself a gentle impetus inwards whilst carried on in the general direction of the tide. This, necessarily a slow process, he found to be not altogether so difficult, and though there was no choice of a landing-place — the objects on shore passing by him in a sad and slow procession — he perceptibly approached the extremity of a spit of land yet further to the left, now well de-

fined against the sunny portion of the horizon. While the swimmer's eyes were fixed upon the spit as his only means of salvation on this side of the unknown, a moving object broke the outline of the extremity, and immediately a ship's bow appeared, manned with several sailor lads, her bows towards the sea.

All Troy's vigour spasmodically revived to prolong the struggle yet a little further. Swimming with his right arm, he held up his left to hail them, splashing upon the waves, and shouting with all his might. From the position of the setting sun his white form was distinctly visible upon the now deep-hued bosom of the sea to the east of the boat, and the men saw him at once. Backing their oars and putting the boat about, they pulled towards him with a will, and in five or six minutes from the time of his first halloo, two of the sailors hauled him in over the stern.

They formed part of a brig's crew, and had come ashore for sand. Lending him what little clothing they could spare among them as a slight protection against the rapidly cooling air, they agreed to land him in the morning; and without further delay, for it was growing late, they made again towards the roadstead where their vessel lay.

And now night drooped slowly upon the wide watery levels in front; and at no great distance from them, where the shore-line curved round, and formed a long riband of shape upon the horizon, a series of points of yellow light began to start into existence, denoting the spot to be the site of Budmouth, where the lamps were being lighted along the parade. The cluck of their oars was the only sound of any distinctness upon the sea, and as they laboured amid the thickening shades the lamp-lights grew larger, each appearing to send a flaming sword deep down into the waves before it, until there arose, among other dim shapes of the kind, the form of the vessel for which they were bound.

From The New Quarterly Review.
THE FAUNA OF FANCY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

OF all human faculties the worst entertained has surely been Fancy. There was a time when nearly the whole earth, air, and waters formed her royal pleas-

ance, wherein she disported herself like her own fairy child Puck, leaping, frisking, and gambolling at her own sweet will. But as the ages have grown old, the domain left for imagination has been narrowed by her archenemy Science, till in these latter days he has had the insolence to propose to find a "scientific use" even for herself! We have been wont, after the manner of mobs, to cry *Vae victis!* and to glory in each defeat which Fancy has suffered from the astronomers, and geographers, and chemists, and every cohort under the banner of her foe, and we have cheered them on to every victory, as if, forsooth! we should be mightily the gainers when they had successively overrun each rich province of thought. Now we may sit down to congratulate ourselves, and sum up the results. We have won Knowledge and lost Fancy.

Our hills, and vales, and streams
are

Dispeopled of their dreams.

Great Pan is dead, and Mr. Gradgrind reigns in his room. Like the Iron Shroud in the dismal story, the final closing-in has come somewhat suddenly, though it has been long in preparation. In what wild world of freedom revelled, for example, the genius of Shakespeare only three hundred years ago? In his felicitous days, a poet, to suit his own purposes, might freely give Bohemia a sea-coast, and no carping critic say him nay; while kings of Naples, and dukes of Milan, unnoticed by historians, might be cast at pleasure on islands unremarked by geographers, and peopled by inhabitants as little familiar to ethnologists as Ariel and Caliban. Even in the last century the ponderous imagination of Dr. Samuel Johnson (somewhat resembling a stone cherub on a Georgian tombstone) could fly to a "Happy Valley" — in "Abissinia," of all places in the world — where in lieu of the shocking Golgotha which Lord Napier found outside Magdala, the great lexicographer, quite deliberately and secure from correction, planted a Paradise in the taste of the eighteenth century, "wherein all diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of Nature were collected, and its evils abstracted and excluded."

There are no more "Abissinias" left for any future Rasselas. We have surveyed the world from China to Peru,

and if Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Gladstone are to be trusted, have even brought old Homer to book for dealing too freely with the topography of Troy. Surely now that we have clipped the wings of Fancy as close as if she were an apteryx, it is time to cast one glance backward and track her whilom flight when she wheeled like an eagle amid the clouds and sunlight, or flitted like a butterfly from flower to flower. What *was* the world to the Fancy of our forefathers? When they constructed it so freely out of their consciousness, what sort of a world did they make of it? We all know the little *mundus* it was, astronomically speaking, the sphere with the earth as a plane in the middle, and the Sun driving his chariot across the solid firmament, or else (according to one view of the matter) blown on his way by the winds, coming out of the twelve "wooden receptacles" which the author of the Book of Enoch had the privilege personally to inspect. Geography also, we know, was included in a circle with "Ocean" running round it, India in the extremest East, and "Ultima Thule," the "boundary of the lands," on the West. Most of us are also aware that in the sky in those days were wont to appear all sorts of terrible portents: blood-red moons, armies engaged in battle, and comets, which from their horrid hair shook pestilence and war; while the showers of milk, blood, flesh, wool, stones, and burnt bricks,* left it impossible to foresee what might not come down unannounced at any moment; and (as the Roman augurs not unjustly warned the people officially when a rain of iron had happened to descend), "things which came from heaven were exceedingly dangerous." But the astronomy, geography, and meteorology of our ancestors were very small matters, and occupied very little of their thoughts compared to their Zoology; the wonderful company, bestial and human, where-with they peopled their little stage. As their philosophers held that "Nature abhors a vacuum," so did their own natural imaginations. Hudibras mocked at the "g'ographers" who

For want of towns,
Placed elephants on Africk's downs.

But it was by no means only geographers, for the sake of the neatness of their maps, who did such things. It may be

* All chronicled by Pliny, Hist. Nat. lib. xi., 57.

doubted if anybody in those days would have been contented with a heath without Witches, a desert without Satyrs, a mountain without Dwarfs, or a sea-shore without a Mermaid.

In the following pages I shall endeavour to pass in hasty review that portion of the creation of imagination which may be properly termed the Zoölogy of Fancy—the fishes, beasts, birds, reptiles, and semi-human monsters, in whose existence our fathers believed, but which either hold no longer a place in our Natural History, or are stripped of their most remarkable characteristics. To accomplish this task with anything like completeness, to play Cuvier or Decandolle in the realm of Fancy, would require erudition to which I can make no pretence, and occupy years, to which it is not my ambition to devote the brief remains of mortal span. It will suffice if, without even attempting to trace the creatures to their proper birthplaces in Aryan or Semitic imagination, or to distinguish accurately between classic and mediæval monsters, I yet succeed in placing before the reader's mind such a general notion of the Fauna of Fiction, as may be obtained of the Fauna of Reality by a stroll round the gardens in the Regent's Park. Some rather curious results will, if I mistake not, emerge at the conclusion of our review. One preliminary remark only need be made. Were a similar *Un-natural History* to aspire to the rank of a scientific treatise, it would be necessary to follow the steps of the modern expounders of mythology, and show how every creature and incident in ancient fable means the Sun, except a few which were intended for the Moon, and a good many which signified the Dawn and the Clouds. Not for a moment can I presume to call in question the learning of the gentlemen who have demonstrated these identifications, even though in my secret soul I cannot but think the ancients must have been sufficiently like ourselves to have interested themselves in their own tyrants and heroes, and not exclusively in the concerns of the solar system. When Professor De Gubernatis tells me that the golden key wherewith Mrs. Bluebeard opened the fatal chamber was "perhaps the Moon,"* that

Perrette sur la tête ayant un pot au lait,

should refer us also back to "that little

pipkin the moon;"* that the Bean-stalk was planted by Jack's mother, the "Blind Cow, the Night;" and that the Bean meant the Moon, because "the dead are as eaten vegetables, lunar symbols of resurrection and abundance;"† and further that the ears of Midas signified the two Auroras of Morning and Evening, "whose changeableness must have served very well to express the mobility of the ears of an ass;"‡—I am simply bewildered, and inclined to ask whether the method which leads to such conclusions has not been, as usual, ridden a little too far at first starting? As in the days of Euhemerism every fable was traced to some supposed historical origin, and even Saturn and Jupiter were identified as kings of Crete, so now that another Key to all Mythologies has been picked up (though not by M. Casaubon), I cannot but think it is sometimes put into wrong locks when perfectly *vraisemblable* stories are expounded, with equally tiresome uniformity, as solar allegories. There ought to be, surely, room for a third school of critics who will discriminate a little; and while recognizing with gratitude the fresh light which the mythicists have thrown on the obscurest part of the subject, may yet authorize us to retain a modified and provisional belief in the quasi-historical veracity of events which at least *might* have been true in their principal features. Neither the fact that a little supernatural machinery has been introduced into such tales, nor yet that the proper names of the heroes may be translated to signify the Sun or the Clouds, seem to be decisive proofs of their mythical origin. Ghost stories are told of many families which yet exist in flesh and blood; and Walter Scott scarcely intended his "Diana Vernon" for an allegory of the "Moon in Spring," nor Miss Braddon her "Aurora Floyd" for the "Grey Dawn" (Floyd, or Lloyd, signifying "grey" in Welsh).

Where did the work of Fancy begin in Zoölogy? Very much where the priest told his disciple that persecution ought to commence: "Just as soon as it is possible, my dear young friend." Any one who will take the trouble to recall what Englishmen in Dibdin's age thought of their next neighbours, the "Parley-voos," and how sincerely they believed them to live exclusively on frogs (and therefore called them Johnny Crapauds), and also

* Zoological Mythology, p. 125.

† Ibid. p. 243.

‡ Ibid. p. 385.

* Zoological Mythology, p. 168.

ascertain what the Christians of Eastern Europe now think about the annual Pass-over of their Jewish fellow-countrymen upon murdered babies — will be able to realize the kind, though not the degree, of the delusions of our ancestors about other nations. A little further than next door, or, let us say in the nearest sea or river, began the wildest monsters and the natural beings endowed with unnatural characteristics.*

Beginning at the bottom of the scale of marine creatures of Fancy, we have the KRAKEN, KRAXEN, or KRABEN, often confounded with the great Sea-Serpent, but carefully distinguished therefrom by Pontoppidan, who justly condemns the "ignorant" persons who did not know that the Kraken appeared, not elongated as a serpent, but round like an island, for which it was commonly mistaken. Many Norwegian fishermen had assured the Bishop (as those of Bruntisland assured little Mary Fairfax), that they had frequently met with the Kraken, Horven, Soe Horven, or Anker Troid, in warm weather in the open sea, and ascertained its presence by the water shallowing from one hundred fathoms to twenty. When that phenomenon occurs, the fishermen are always well aware that beneath them lies the Kraken! When he rises they row hastily away, and behold the monster slowly come above the surface and display his back, a mile and a half in circumference, with arms long and large as the masts of a man-of-war.

The SEA-SERPENT, *Soe Ormen*, AALE TUST, or SERPENS MARINUS MAGNUS, is, however, in his own way, an equally respectable creation with the Kraken, and as Pontoppidan justly observes, is a "wonderful and terrible sea-monster, which extremely deserves notice." We should think that he not only deserved

but obtained it whenever he pleased to exhibit himself, since, according to Commander de Ferry, Governor Benstrup, Rev. Hans Strom, Rev. Missionary Egede, and many other most honourable persons well acquainted with him, he is at least six hundred feet long. "His body is as thick as two hogsheds, and his eyes are large and blue, like a couple of pewter plates." (Pontoppidan, Nat. Hist. Norway, in fol., p. 200.) No wonder the Danes called the Great Orme's (Worm's) Head after him, and no wonder so many worthy persons refuse to give up so large an article of faith, which would leave an unpleasant vacuum after its dismissal from the brain.*

Scarcely less awful are sundry creatures faithfully depicted (from hearsay) by the draughtsman of Aldrovandus (*De Monst. Hist.*), one of which resembled a Bishop with a mitre and cope, and another, labelled *Monstrum Marinum effigie Monachum*, who had the cowed and tressed head of a monk, the tail of a fish, and two little fishy, swishy arms. This dreadful being was caught off the coast of Norway, according to Rondeletius and Bellonius, so late as 1503, and lived three days after his capture, uttering (we are solemnly informed) no sound but groans. Surely, if ever there was the obvious handiwork of the Father of Lies, it was in these diabolical parodies on holy prelates and men of the cloister! There were also formerly known to exist in the ocean the SEA-SOW, a fearful fish, with four claws, a pig's snout, and half-a-dozen eyes about its body; a SEA-HORSE, faithfully copied from Neptune's steeds; a SEA-DEVIL, with horns and arms; a SEA-LION, a veritable quadruped in scales; and scores of other monsters whose frightful portraits in Aldrovandus seem due to an honest misconception of the accounts given by mariners of the various species of seals, and walruses.*

* We may remark, in passing, that there were in those times several singular minerals, now but slightly known, such as the Philosopher's Stone, the Aurum Potabile, the Besoar Stone, the Rock of Adamant, etc. Also many valuable vegetable productions: the Tree of Life, the Moly (so useful against the enchantments of Circe!); the Maudrake, which has given up its habit of shrieking when plucked at midnight; and the Pterony, which is no longer employed as Pliny recommends (*lib. xxv. so*) as a preservative "against the illusions caused by fauns," possibly because no one has now illusions caused by fauns, or by anybody else. The last survivor in the vegetable realm of Fancy is the Upas, who till quite recently supplied all orators who needed them with entirely false similes, and enabled the painter Danby to misconstruct an indefinite number of awe-struck visitors to the South Kensington Museum by his picture of the "Valley of Death in Java." Having been at last detected as a vegetable impostor, a juvenile Upas now stands penitentially in the Conservatory at Kew.

* The celebrated living violinist, Ole Bull, told a friend of the writer that he had himself seen a gigantic serpent beneath his boat in a Norwegian fiord. The terrified boatmen rowed away, but saw the serpent climb up an island, where next day Ole Bull traced a huge broad trail of slime and broken grass.

† See the truly blood-chilling wood-cuts in Aldrovandus, *Monstrorum Historia*, Bologna, 1642. It must be borne in mind that down to our own generation such illustrations were very literally "illustrations," and nothing more. Nobody dreamed of expecting that they should be reproductions of sketches taken on the spot, or even of the recollections of an eye-witness. They stood exactly for the idea in the author's mind as nearly as he could make his draughtsman take it in, and which he mistrusted his power to convey to his readers merely by words. For this reason such pictures are precisely what we need for our

The LAMPREY was a queer marine beast, which was quite certain not to be allowed to pass without a fable attached to it. "Whether it hath nine eyes," quoth Sir Thomas Browne (ii. 477). "as is received, we durst refer it unto Polyphemus, who had but one, to judge it."

Much more charming are the pretty DOLPHINS which sport through the bright waters of the Grecian seas, and which from very ancient times were credited with all manners of super-cetaceous good qualities. They loved music, especially of the "hydraulic sort," (whatever that sort may have been), and they were easily tamed and fondly attached to men. Pliny says he should never end all the stories he knows of the obliging behaviour of Dolphins, who allowed children to ride on their backs. One of them—as attested by Mæcenas and Fabianus—in the reign of Augustus, carried a boy every morning to school, and when the lad died the Dolphin pined away waiting for him on the shore, and at last expired of grief. (Nat. Hist., lib. ix. 8).

Among the other marine creatures of Fancy must not be forgotten the Barnacles, who begin life as worms and end it as Barnacle Geese; and the last survivor of the whole realm—M. Victor Hugo's *Pieuvre*, of whom we were happy to receive intelligence this spring from the coast of Galle, where he has managed to swallow a whole ship, leaving only one survivor to tell the tale to the *Homeward Mail*, and who signs himself "James Floyd, late Master of the Schooner Pearl."

Supreme over all the creatures of the sea, and among the most charming of the offspring of Fancy, were the MERMEN and MERMAIDS—we do not remember ever to have heard of Mer-married-women. The wonder would have been if, while everything else

Suffered a sea change
Into something rich and strange,

human beings should have undergone no marine transformation. And a beautiful dream indeed our fathers made of them, as anybody may satisfy himself by gazing on that undulating living garland of joy, Raphael's *Triumph of Galatea* in the Farnesina Palace. As to the complaints sometimes murmured that her fish-tail forms a drawback to the charms of a Mermaid, we scorn the suggestion. Ladies who live on land have very care-

fully hidden from mankind the fact that their nether limbs are duplicate and terminate in feet, and have assumed as the permanent outline of their sex, the form of a dinner-bell. It is really impossible to say why the elegant and convenient shape of a Dolphin's tail should be deemed less graceful, or even less fashionable and "in good form," for the conclusion of a lady of the sea. If the unfavourable criticism had been levelled at the Mermaid's cousin the SIREN, who is reported by Aldrovandus to be womanly only to the waist, and "gallinaceous" in her lower extremities, *à la bonne heure!* there would be room for objection. Unpleasant associations attach to the idea of feminine scratching. For once the joyous Greek Fancy was as strictly Puritan as old Bunyan himself could have desired, making an allegory of Pleasure, and representing her as beginning with sweetness and smiles, and ending with a claw. As to the Mermen, who seem to have been much the same as the classic TRITONS or SEA-SATYRS, it is satisfactory to know how very often they have been observed and even captured all over the world. Ælian knew of one in Taprobana; Menas, Prefect of Egypt, wrote a letter to the Emperor Maurice, describing one found in the Nile; Pliny, Apollonius, and many others, mention Tritons off the coasts of Bœotia and Dalmatia; and in later times Ludovicus Vives heard of one taken in Holland, and of another, the most satisfactory of all, apprehended on the coast of Portugal in the very act of blowing his conch.

Leaving the waters and their riches of Fancy, we climb up the shore to find a still wealthier Fauna. Beginning with the lowest *Vertebrata*, we meet at once that dreadful creature, the DRAGON, which, whether, he was or was not suggested to human imagination by fossil Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri, must be counted among the most prominent among the Fauna of Fancy. The most ancient depiction of Dragon in existence is probably that which has just been discovered by Mr. George Smith, on the lintel of the hall door of Sennacherib. The following is the description of the beast (*Daily Telegraph*, July 17th, 1874):—"The Dragons are winged, collared, and eared, their necks are long and serpentine, and their lizard-like feet terminate in claws."

An Anglo-Norman poem, probably about the date of Henry III., quoted in Ellis's "Early English Metrical Romances"

present purpose of studying, not the world of reality, but the world of imagination.

(p. 188), gives a rather different anatomical description of a beast of this kind, the identical Dragon which Guy, Earl of Warwick, slew:—

He is as black as any coal,
Rugged as a rough foal;
His neck is great as any sommere (sumpter horse)
He runneth swift as any destrere.
Paws he hath as a lion;
All that he toucheth he slayeth dead down.
Great wings he hath to flight,
There is no man that bear him might.*

Sir Bevis of Hampton, St. Michael, St. George, and many other knights and saints, each distinguished himself by killing a Dragon, which by the time of the composition of the "Seven Champions of Christendom" in the Elizabethan age, had grown to be a creature "fifty feet long from shoulders to tail, with glittering scales bright as silver, but harder than brass," except just under the wing, where happily St. George struck him, and "sent his good sword Ascalon to the hilt through the dragon's heart, liver, bones, and blood." (Percy's *Reliques*, III. 269.)

It is very satisfactory to know that so ancient and respectable a beast, of whom Assyrians and Chinese thought so highly, honoured our country with his visits several times quite within the historic period. The Annals of Winchester record of the year A.D. 1177, that "in this year Dragons were sene of many in England," a fact corroborated by the Annals of Worcester (p. 383), which attach the further information that the sun also suffered eclipse. The same Annals for the year 1274, record that there was an earthquake on the Vigil of St. Nicholas, with "a fiery Dragon which frightened the English." To follow out the fables extant concerning Dragons, and their near relatives Serpents, single-headed, Amphibænas, five-headed and hundred-headed, it would be needful to go over the whole of Mr. Fergusson's magnificent volume on Tree and Serpent Worship. On no theme did human Fancy play more frequently or with greater variety than on this very suggestive reptile; emblem alike of Evil and Good, of Health and Death, of Destruction and Eternity, of Royalty and Abjection. One of the minor wonders about the Serpent was

that he occasionally developed into enormous size like his brother of the sea. Livy (29th Dec.), and Valerius Maximus (lib. 1), tell of a famous one in Africa which checked the advance of the whole Roman army; and Diodorus describes the capture of another sixty feet long, taken to Alexandria, as a pleasing offering (somewhat worse, we should imagine, than even a White Elephant) to Ptolemy II.

The WYVERN of the Middle Ages, still dear to heralds, was "a flying serpent, the fore-part as a dragon with wings, and the latter part as a snake," but differing from the Dragon in having only two legs.

The HYDRA of Lerna again was a terrific serpent, son of Typhon and Echidna (according to Hesiod), with seven, nine, or fifty heads, according to the pleasure of historians. When one head was cut off, another sprouted, disproving the Huidibrastic axiom that

This truth is maintained by philosophers still,
That the hair grows again, but the head never will.

Hercules, of course, got the better of the Hydra, which has been uncomfortably resolved, on Paulus' principle of exegesis, into a number of (watery) torrents which inundated the marshes of Lerna and made them pestiferous, till canals were cut through them. Once for all, we reject and refuse all such attempts to resolve the Fauna of Fancy into metaphors, and in the present case we beg to quote, in confirmation of the Hydra's material reality, the further assurance of historians that he had a brother, CHIMÆRA by name, who was born in Lycia, and "educated" by King Amisodorus; and who might be described as a goat with a lion's head, a dragon's tail, and an unpleasant habit of vomiting fire and flames till Bellerophon quenched him. There is an antique bronze in the Pitti corroborative of this veracious view of Chimæra's appearance and behaviour, and calculated to confound the ancient critics who alleged he was a volcano with goats, lions, and serpents browsing on the sides; and not less the modern ones who, of course, prove him easily to be the Sun concerned in some way with Leo and Capricorn. The serpent ECHIDNA, the mother of these two pretty creatures, and also of Cerberus, was (as the wife of a late noble poet is said to have signed herself in an hotel book) "*Moglià del Diavolo*." Her partner was Typhon, the Evil Power—a personage whose importance in the world:

* I owe this quotation, with several others from mediæval authorities, to my brother, Thomas Cobbe, of the Inner Temple, author of "A History of the Norman Kings" (Longmans, 1869).

was somehow never thoroughly recognized by the joyous Greeks or by anybody else in pre-Christian times.

Half-way between the Reptiles and Birds (a missing link which we commend to the geologists), comes the COCKATRICE, or BASILISK, a creature which was quite recently believed by our Scotch fellow-subjects to come forth from an egg laid by a cock permitted to attain his seventh year. It is superfluous to remark that no better reason was needed why sentence of death should always be passed on old cocks before the dreadful incubation took place. In the shape of Cock-a-leeky broth, no further transformation was apprehended. The Cockatrice of Aldrovandus and of heraldry was a creature with a cock's head and wings, a lizard's body and tail, and a kingly crown instead of a cock's-comb, and just possibly might have been suggested to some vivid imagination by a fossil Pterodactyl. Pliny describes it moderately (lib. viii. 32), under its alias of *basiliscus* (*regulus*, little king), as a small serpent with a mark resembling a diadem on its head, endowed with dreadfully alarming properties. Even other serpents fly from the basilisk, which kills them by its mere odour, and its very glance is mortal to man and all animals (Lib. xxix. 19). Leigh, quoted by Lower ("Curiosities of Heraldry," p. 91), while corroborating all these terrible things about the Cockatrice, adds the consolatory information that "though he be venom without remedy whilst he liveth, yet when he is dead and burnt to ashes, he loseth all his malice, and the ashes of him are good for alchemists, and namely in turning and changing of mettall." It is obvious that if we could only "catch our cockatrice," we should be able to transmute as much lead to gold as we might desire.

Before leaving the Reptiles of Fancy we must not omit to mention the CHAMELEON's peculiar dietary of "light and air," or the SALAMANDER's well-known habit of living *par préférence* in the fire, which is less remarkable if, as Ælian says, it is itself born of the flames (De Nat. Animal, lib. ii. c. 31).

The Birds of Fancy were more remarkable than numerous. There was first the great ROC (Rukh), SIMURG, or ANKA, beloved by us all since the happy days when first we read the enchanting history of Sindbad the Sailor. Marco Polo heard of the Roc, of course, in Madagascar. He says it is like an eagle, and that it measures sixteen paces between

the tips of the wings. Mr. Lane quotes an Arabic authority, Ibn el Wardee, to say that rukhs live in an island in the Chinese Sea, and that the length of one of their wings is just ten thousand fathoms. An authentic portrait of the Simurg, from a Persian drawing, represents him as ingeniously carrying one elephant in his beak, and another in each of his talons. The reliable El Wardee also knew of a Roc's egg which was found on an island, and seemed like an enormous white dome more than a hundred cubits high, and as firm as a mountain.

Another interesting bird whose memory is cherished by heralds, of which Godfrey de Bouillon was lucky enough to shoot three specimens in Palestine, is the ALLERION, an eagle rather unfortunately circumstanced for gaining his livelihood, as he possessed neither legs, claws, nor beak. The PELICAN was in the realms of Fancy altogether a different bird from the absurd, hopping, and waddling creature, with a double chin like Benjamin Franklin, whom we actually behold. It was a slender bird with a crane-like neck and eagle's beak, where-with it was always (as the heralds describe it) vulning its own breast to feed its young with its blood—a practice which gave it a high and honoured place in early Christian symbolism, alongside of the PHOENIX. This last bird of Fancy is one of the brightest of all her creations, and the passionate insistence on the lovely myth, and its reappearance in Semitic and Aryan literature age after age, is a somewhat affecting evidence of human yearning for some such visible emblem of the resurrection from the dust of the grave. "God knew men's unbelief," says St. Cyril (Lect. 18), "and provided for this purpose" (that of evidence of the resurrection), "a bird called a Phœnix. This bird, as Clement writes,* and as many more relate, the only one of its race, going to the land of Egypt at revolutions of 500 years, shows forth the resurrection; and this not in desert places, lest the mystery which comes to pass should remain unknown, but in a notable city" (Heliopolis). Lactantius, Tertullian, Gregory Nazianzen, and (needless to add) Epiphanius, the "Father of Tales," believed firmly in the Phœnix. St. Ambrose (Hex., lib. v. 123) says that "the bird of Arabia teaches us by its example to believe in the resurrection."† Herod-

* Clement Romanus, Ep. I.

† It appears that the word which our Biblical translators render "and" ("I shall die in my nest, and

otus was more sceptical, and observes, after telling the tale, "It appears to me incredible." Pliny says it is "the most celebrated of birds," but admits that it has not been "often" seen, and even suggests that its existence may possibly be a fable. He gives, however, a splendid description of it, quite as accurate as if a specimen were stuffed in a glass case before his eyes. The Phoenix is as large as an eagle, he has a plumage which shines like gold round his neck, a purple body, and a tail of rose-coloured and azure plumes, a cock's-comb under his neck, and a magnificent crest. The learned senator Manilius had told the Romans all about him, how he lived 509 years, and then built a nest of cinnamon and incense, on which he died (it is not said that he burnt himself), and a worm which turned into a young Phoenix sprung from his bones and marrow and performed his funeral rites by depositing his nest on an altar in the city of the Sun. Manilius did not teach that the Phoenix was an astronomical hieroglyph indicative of a solar period, but quite the contrary, that the solar period was itself determined by the life of the Phoenix, which, in his day, was just at its 215th year (A.C. 657.) Cornelius Valerianus related that a Phoenix visited Egypt in the consulate of O. Plautius, and Sex. Papinius (A.C. 789). But a *soi-disant* Phoenix brought to Rome in the reign of Claudius, was recognized by everybody at once with indignation as a gross impostor.

Very terrible, according to the old Scandinavian and Teutonic ideas, were even those flesh and blood birds, the Eagle and the Raven. Can anything be more gruesome than this account of an eagle in Giraldus Cambrensis?—"In these mountains of Eleri (the Snowdon Range), an eagle perches on a certain fatal stone on every Friday, hoping to satiate its hunger on the slain. It is said to look for war on that same day of the week, and in the meantime to have almost perforated the stone by cleaving and whetting its beak thereon." (G. Camb. Itin. Camb. ii. 9, 136). "Delectable mountains," indeed, those must have been of Eleri, only a few hours' march from that old Harlech which "led th' embattled war."

Reaching at last upward to the Mammalia of Fancy (a classification which we suspect its creators would have utterly

multiply my days as the sand," Job xxix. 25), is in Hebrew *Hol* or *Khol*, signifying both sand and Phoenix, and rendered in the Septuagint *φωσφίς*.

ignored), we come to a few interesting quadrupeds, and to a mixed society of animals, half human and half brutish. Of the first kind we have that supporter of the British crown and constitution, the UNICORN, or MONOCEROS, to whom Cuvier has dedicated a very learned inquiry. Pliny says it had a horse's body, a stag's head, a boar's tail, an elephant's feet, an indomitable temper, and a single horn two cubits long in the middle of its forehead. Tedious critics have urged that the Unicorn is only a jumble of the descriptions of the Rhinoceros and the Oryx (a species of antelope), and if Fancy had never made anything wilder than the Unicorn, we might lend an ear to such a suggestion. Considering, however, what she has done in the way of inventing dragons and krakens, it seems quite superfluous to question her entire readiness and ability to make this comparatively modest contribution to Natural History.* A pleasant creature, living in the same regions (Ethiopia) as the Unicorn, was the MANTICORUS, who had three rows of teeth, the face and ears of a man, the colour of blood, the body of a lion, the tail and sting of a serpent, and a quite particular taste for human flesh (Pliny, lib. viii. 30). The heralds have added to his pleasing portrait the horns of an ox. The CATOBLEPAS was not quite so dreadful. She lived near the sources of the Nile, and her mere glance was certain death; but, fortunately, she was troubled with an extremely heavy head, and general inertia, and could do no more than just lift herself (Ibid. lib. viii. 32). This beast is suspected by Cuvier of being nothing more wonderful than the Gau, who, however, chances to be a particularly lively quadruped. A worse brute by far was the FLYING PIG, mentioned by Ælian (De Nat. Animal. xii. c. 38), who ravaged all the fields of Clazomenæ, and must have been, in every sense, a very great boar.

In touching the GRYPHONS, or GRIF-FINS, we reach the disagreeable order of allegorical creatures, to which the Sphinx and the human-head bulls of Nineveh are supposed to belong. Herodo-

* Upton and Leigh give much useful information about the Unicorn. His horn is the best possible test of water. The other beasts do not dare to taste of any fountain till he has stirred it with his horn to ascertain if any wily dragon have deposited his venom therein. A Unicorn, it is well to know, may be caught quite easily (like Samson) if the proper precautions be employed. "A mayd is set where he haunteth, and she openeth her lappe, to whom the Unicorn as seeking rescue from the hunter yieldeth his head, and leaveth all his fierceness, and sleapeth untill he be taken and slayn."

tus had indeed heard that there were real Griffins who guarded the gold mines of the Arimaspi, and that it was common to sacrifice them in hecatombs on important occasions, a statement almost as startling as that which appeared two years ago in an American journal, that "lions and tigers are now sold wholesale in London." The Griffin was a quadruped with the front of an eagle, the hind-parts of a lion, and a pair of enormous ears. These things, of course, are an allegory; the Griffin being the symbol of a faithful Guardian, with eagle eyes, leonine courage, and very sharp sense of hearing. Sir John Mandeville, we are happy to say, gives a much more satisfactory account of the beast, (c. xxvi.), as we must needs consider one obtained on the very spot where Griffins most do congregate. "In that countrie (Bokhara) bene many griffoons more plentie than in any other countrie. Some men say that they have the body upward as an eagle and beneath as a lyon, and truly they say sooth. But a griffoon has a body more gret and strong than eight lions, and more gret and strong than one hundred eagles. For a griffoon will bere flying to his nest a gret hors, or two oxen yoked together." The OPINICUS (the crest of the Barber Surgeons) differs from the Griffin in having only two legs. The HIPPOGRIF was half horse, half Griffin, and flourished at a later period — on Darwinian principles of development. His remains are to be found thickly embedded in the pages of Ariosto.

After the Griffin, perhaps, we ought to place the winged horse, PEGASUS, who, it is almost needless to say, is, according to De Gubernatis, the offspring of the Evening Aurora (Medusa, of all persons in the world!) and a very drowsy metaphorical steed indeed. In *bona fide* mythology he is a beautiful brute, who, with a single blow of his hoofs, opened the fountain of Hippocrene (oh that he would give it another kick now that it is so sadly dammed up!), and who lives evermore in the celestial mews of Olympus, attended by three stable-maids, who bathe, and comb, and caress the noble beast as he deserves.

CERBERUS is a cruel and wicked satire upon dogs. He is not, indeed, a well-born dog at all, but another brother of the same disreputable family as Hydra and Chimæra, born of Typhon and Echidna. He had three heads, or fifty, according to pleasure, with a collar of serpents round his neck, and he was

chained up like a mastiff to guard the shores of the Styx. There is obviously some confusion between Cerberus and another dog, Orthros, who had two heads; and again between them both and Orthros' master, Geryon, a king of Spain, who enjoyed the advantage of three heads — the better we hope (as Red Riding Hood's Wolf would say) to think about the politics of that unfortunate country.

Entering the realm of creatures half brutish, half human, we must begin with the HARPIES, who had the bodies of birds, and heads of women, and who were addicted to making a dreadful mess of dinner tables. But we turn from them with relief, to the much more important and dignified SPHINX, who may strictly be reckoned among the "allegories on the banks of the Nile," and who is a personage of whom it is impossible to speak without respect. She (or like Solomon's Sophia, and Pallas-Athene, and every other genuine representative of Wisdom, the Sphinx is feminine, and the androsphinxes are comparatively nowhere) is assuredly, in her Egyptian guise, a noble image of calm, rest, and contemplation. That sweet, still face of stone which meets us across the sands of solemn Ghiza, blasted by the storms and burned red by the suns of sixty centuries, what a rebuke for our miserable restlessness and fussiness to be "up and doing," comes from that solemn gaze out of the depths of the ages before History began!

Every one must revere the Egyptian Sphinx. But how different was the lively Grecian monster! We have heard of elderly English spinsters, whose chief occupation in life is "to propound conundrums in country houses;" and just such an old maid must have been the Sphinx of Thebes, except that she ate up the people who failed to guess her riddles, which was perhaps worse than even the mortal boredom of plaguing them with double acrostics.

Considering how exceedingly dull was the only recorded enigma of the Sphinx ("Which is the creature who goes on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?") the other Greeks were certainly justified in taunting the Boeotians as a stupid nation, since they waited for Œdipus to solve them. The Evhemeristic hypothesis of Pausanias that she was a real woman, daughter of Laius, will be rejected by everybody in these days, for the obvious theory that she must have been the "Sun in Virgo"

when the inundation of the Nile occurs — which river the Sphinx also typifies. It is an "aid to faith" to learn from Diodorus (lib. 4) that there were plenty of real Sphinxes among the Troglodytes in Ethiopia, and that they were very docile and affable animals; as Pliny adds, "of a red complexion." If it be gratifying to find a metaphor turned into marble, like the Temple of Apteral Victory at Athens, how doubly satisfactory is it to find one transformed into a living beast!

After the Sphinx, among the half human animals, we have the CENTAUR and the CENTAURESS (half man or woman, and half horse), and the ONOSKELOS (half man, half ass); the latter was an insignificant being, but the Centaurs whom Phidias condescended to sculpture, and the Centauresses whom Xeuix painted, were indeed noble creations of Fancy. In those days when men knew nothing about physiology, and heathen Celsus took it for granted that nobody could be cruel enough to cut up living animals to see how they were made, but when, for all their ignorance, men could build, and paint, and sculpture after a fashion which all the labours of South Kensington it is to be feared, will never teach; in those blessed days it was possible to make beings who might have some such singular inward apparatus as two stomachs, but who were likewise lovely and grand and graceful beyond anything we can make with all our boasted anatomical studies. Two Centauresses depicted on the walls of Herculaneum, a bay lady and a grey, are, as the *Morning Post* would describe them, "among the most affecting representations which Art has produced in ancient times." As to the male Centaurs or Hippocentaurs, of whom about forty are described by name in Pozzoli's learned *Dizionario dogni Mitologia*, they were evidently nothing more than the squirearchy of Thessaly, as described by the cockney scribblers of Athens — men, as Lord George Bentinck would have said, "of a stable mind;" capital shots; apt to be hot-tempered; and fond of a little music of an evening. Their horsy propensities (which, after all, extended only over half their natures) would never have called forth remark, except from stupid city people, ignorant of the share which a horse inevitably takes in the life of every man who really knows how to ride.

In the middle ages, the fact that Centaurs were such excellent archers, seems to have been their chief attraction. The

great seal of King Stephen bears a "SAGITTARY," half man, half horse, with a bent bow ready to shoot. Of course Sir John Mandeville came across them in Bacharia, where there "ben many Ipotaynes." They added (it is interesting to know), amphibious habits to the sporting and musical characteristics of Hercules's tutor. They "dwelless sometime in the waire and sometime on the londe, and they ben half men, half hors."

The HIPPOPODS, depicted faithfully by Aldrovandus, were not to be confounded with Centaurs or Sagittaries. They were merely men with the feet (not the bodies) of horses, and they live (it is well known) in certain islands three days' sail north of Scythia. The Ass-men, on the contrary, live quite in an opposite direction, and are found on navigating the Lusitanian coasts, half way to Calcutthum.

The most dreadful of half human creatures, and also the most terribly true of ancient allegories, was the MINOTAUR, half bull, half man, to whose Labyrinth the fourteen virgins of Athens were sent every year in hellish tribute. Alas, alas! where is the Theseus who will slay that monster passion to which more than fourteen thousand hapless victims are offered annually in Christian England?

CYNOCEPHALI, according to Licos-thenes, as quoted by Aldrovandus, have an "elegant" human form, except about the head, which has the jaws of a dog. Vincentio says they are a nation which inhabits Tartary, and Marco Polo saw them in the island of Angaman (Aldrovandus, *De Monst. Hist.*, p. 22).

SATYRS again (in Hebrew SEIRIM) are most important personages among the Bimana of Fancy. They are horned, hairy men, with human faces, legs of goats, and wholly without those good manners which, according to William of Wykeham, "makyth manne." Pliny says they live in India; Pomponius Mela places them among the Atlas Mountains; St. Anthony received a visit from one in the Thebais; Albertus Magnus saw another in the woods of Saxony; and the corpse of a third, after being exhibited at Alexandria, was salted, and sent to Antioch, where it was presented to the Emperor Constantine. These three last Satyrs appeared in the world against all rule, for, as Aldrovandus explains, "in early times the Devil took such forms to deceive Mankind, but since the Incarnation, such evil spirits have vanished." Persons who have seen the peasants of

the Roman Campagna with their goat-skin breeches, are seldom at a loss to guess whence the Satyrs had their origin, without any diabolical interference.

The FAUNS, with small pointed ears, form the last link blending the human with the animal form, and a lovely missing link it was! After all, if Mr. Darwin be right, our ears were originally faun-shaped, and still bear the trace of the crease. Blesseu, any way, be the Fancy to which we owe the Faun of Praxiteles and the Marble Faun of Nathaniel Hawthorne,—nearly the most exquisite statue in art and romance in literature.

Next to the animals which were corporally semi-human, should be reckoned the men and women who at pleasure became animals. In ancient classic days people were continually changed into wolves, dogs, or cows—their destiny was spoken of by the Greeks as Lycanthropy, Kuanthropy, or Boanthropy accordingly. The LYCANTHROPISTS, WOLF-MEN, WERE-WOLVES, or LOUPS-GAROUS, played so important a part all over Europe, both in ancient and mediæval times, that Mr. Baring Gould has dedicated to them an entire and most entertaining little volume, from whose learned pages I should have wished to quote largely had space permitted. Herodotus, it seems, observes with his usual caution, that *if* one is to believe the Scythians, the whole nation of Neuri are sorcerers, and change themselves once a year into wolves. (Lib. iv., c. 105.) Pomponius Mela corroborates this interesting fact of ethnology; Pliny and Petronius tell several personal anecdotes of were-wolves; and St. Augustine positively knew—what was much more wonderful—an old lady who turned men into asses by her enchantments. This last is really a culminating miracle, worthy of its place in the “*Civitate Dei*.” Of course *young* ladies have done the same thing by scores in all ages. Norse literature is full of were-wolves, and Mr. Baring Gould quotes endless stories from all parts of Europe, during the Middle Ages and down to the sixteenth century, showing how men and women changed at their own will or that of the devil into wolves. The horrible part of the business is, that this deeply rooted and wide-spread superstition has obviously affected the brains of many wretched semi-idiotic or lunatic men and boys, who under the impression that they were wolves, have gone out (like Jean Roulet, of Caude, near Angers, in 1593,

and Jean Grenier, of St. Antoine de Pizou), ravening for human flesh, and killing children to satisfy their hunger for it.

Respecting Monsters proper, some curious differences exist between the creations of Fancy and of Nature. The sad science of Teratology, as elucidated by so learned a student as M. Isidore Geoffroi de St. Hilaire, in his “*Histoire Générale des Anomalies*” (4 vols., Paris, 1832), proves that there is scarcely any conceivable variation of excess or defect which has not, amid all the millions of births in the animal creation, at some time or other taken place. There have been single monsters with all such malformations; and still stranger double monsters, of which the Siamese Twins and the Two-headed Nightingale were among the least painful specimens. But Nature creates these singly; the anomaly is rarely, and only in some slight measure (as in an excess of the number of fingers), hereditarily reproduced; whereas Fancy has revelled in the creation of whole nations of MONOCULI or CYCLOPS, of UNIPEDS with one leg, and of headless men with eyes and mouths in their chests; all to be seen duly located in the maps of Africa attached to Ptolemy’s Geography.

And again, no monster of Nature (beyond the narrow limits of hybridism) ever exhibits the characters of another species beside its own. Those characters, as we have said, may be hideously or grotesquely marred or diversified, but they never give place to the characters of a different race. Here at once we find a sure line of demarcation between such monsters as those which M. de St. Hilaire has classified and those which Aldrovandus has placed alongside of such genuine distortions as equally authentic. There have never been, and never, while the present order of Nature lasts, can there be, such monsters as those which he observes, “*proculdubio*,” portended calamity to the world; like the following: (Ulysis Aldrovandi Monstrorum Historia; in Fol. Bologna, 1642, p. 363, *et seq.*)

1. A horned and winged monster who appeared to Brutus in his tent (a version of the story of the ghost of Cæsar).

2. Twins, half dog, half boy, born in Epirus in A.D. 1232.

3. A monster who came up out of the Tiber in 1495, with the body of a man, the head of an ass, one foot that of a bird, and the other that of an elephant.

4. A woman born in Ravenna, in 1612, (only thirty years before Aldrovandus

wrote), with horns on her head, and a single foot resembling that of a bird of prey, with an eye in the knee joint!

5. An infant born of parents *non infimie sortis* in Belgium (authenticated by Jacob Rufus and Cardan), with a tail and a proboscis.

6. A horrid monster, half boy, half calf, with the cowl of a monk, which was born in Germany just in time to presage the "nefarious deeds of the infamous Luther."

7. A creature born near Buda in Hungary, with human head and body, four arms, and the legs of an ox.

8. An "execrable monster," who appeared in Egypt with three heads respectively of a wolf, an eagle, and a dragon, and whose habits were amphibious.

9. The offspring of a woman born at Byzantium, at the time of the Turkish conquest, who exhibited horns, hoofs, tail, and all the characteristics of the devil.

We have now passed in hasty review the chief products of Fancy in the purely Animal realm. Beyond and above these a semi-spiritual region opens, into which we can but peep for an instant to recall to memory that there, even more than among her corporeal creations, Fancy displayed her inexhaustible riches. Let us for a moment conceive what it took of keen sympathy with Nature, of intense sense of the spiritual element underlying all phenomenal things, to have created the Oreads of the mountains, the Dryads of the woods, the Naiads and Nereids of the seas and fountains, the Oceanides, and the sweet nymph Echo. What deep and vivid sense of the truly horrible is revealed in the creation of those hollow masks the Empusæ and Lamias, the death-chill stare of the Gorgons, the stony Fates, the weird Graia, the arch-dreadful Erinnyes of Remorse! Scarcely less was the fertility of Semitic fancy, with its awful Afreetas, and Ghouls, and Vampires, and Devas of every sort, its Angels of the Sepulchre, and its sweet Peris who lived on odours, and to whom, perhaps, we Westerners owe our sweetest Midsummer Night's Dream of the Fairies. Those same Fairies, with Oberon and Titania for King and Queen, and Puck (the Irish Phuca, whose leap (Poulaphuca) is a famous waterfall in Wicklow); and Robin Goodfellow, and the Elves and Dwarfs, and Wood Trolls and Hill Trolls, and Lob-lie-by-the-Fire (of whom Mrs. Ewing has written so charm-

ing a story); the Nixies, and Kobolds, and Hobgoblins (house spirits); the Brownies, the Necks and Strom Karl (water and river spirits); the Dracs, the Kelpies, the Wichtlein (little wights of the mines); the Wilde Frauen, or Elle Maids; the Clurichaun, or Leprachaun of Ireland, the Urisk and Daioim Shi of Scotland, the Manx Phynnoderee, the French Follet, or Gobelín, and Melusina, not to mention a score of other beings, not properly included in Fairy Mythology, the Banshee, the Doppelgänger, and the Ogre, sufficiently vindicate the wealth of mediæval Fancy. Beyond them all, among shapes which it is impossible to classify, come the Wild Huntsman, the Flying Dutchman, the Army of Spectres which beleaguered Prague; and, for a last example, the Green Children of that respectable historian, William of Newburgh.*

The motley throng has passed before us, and we are perhaps better able, after such refreshment of our memory of half-forgotten fables, to answer the question, What relation does the Fancy-work of Man bear to the genuine Zoölogy of Nature? It would seem as if herein the characteristic likenesses and differences between the human and the divine come singularly into relief. We, too, would fain be creators, and people the waste with life. But Nature is original; we are poor servile plagiarists. No limb or hair of any living animal is copied from that of another species; but our dragons, and griffins, and centaurs, and mermen are wearisome repetitions of so many heads and tails, and bodies and legs, of

* "Nor should I pass by that prodigy, the like whereof had not been heard of, which is known to have happened in King Stephen's time. For a long while, indeed, I hesitated to believe a story with little or no reasonableness in it, and which to me seemed absurd, till overborne by pressure of so many and great witnesses, I gave in to believe and wonder, where by no strength of mind I could understand. There is a village in East Anglia, four or five miles from the noble monastery of blessed Edmund, King and Martyr, hard by which may be seen some very ancient diggings, which, in the English tongue, are called Wolf-pits. Out of these pits, then, in harvest time came two children, male and female, their bodies wholly green, their clothes in colour and material different from all others. And when amazed these children had wandered through the field they were led into the village, many gathering to the sight of so great a novelty. Food was offered to them, but for some days they would not eat. At last one brought some beans from the field, and these they snatched on the instant. After this, the nature of our food prevailing, they changed their own colour a little and got accustomed to speech. Then did it seem fit that these children should receive the sacrament of holy baptism; but the boy lived only a short time after baptism, leaving his sister in health, and not in the least differing from women of our race. It is said that she married at Lynn, and within a few years left issue." (Hist. Angl., i. 27.)

lions, serpents, eagles, and fishes incongruously put together, like ill-fitting fragments in a Chinese puzzle. Beyond such childish work, and magnifying one creature to a giant or minifying another to a pigmy, we accomplish absolutely nothing. Not only do we lack the plastic power to realize our conception, but we cannot form an original conception at all. An archetypal idea, a "Feröuer" of Zoroastrian philosophy, is as much out of our reach as actual creation. Again, as Man is a part of Nature, it was inevitable that, when he played the Demiurge, he too should make things grim and grotesque, like many of her own creations. If birds and beasts are, as a rule, beautiful, there are exceptions to the rule, causing to the thoughtful observer no small difficulty to harmonize his view of the origin and meaning of creation. What sin is in the moral world, ugliness is in the æsthetic aspect of things, and it seems far from impossible that the dread problem of the existence of evil might be more profitably, or at least freshly considered, were we to endeavour to apprehend somewhat of the significance of its parallel. Be this as it may, the different and contrasted proportion between the grotesque and the ugly in Nature and in the productions of human Fancy is a very noticeable fact. Nature makes nine hundred and ninety-nine creatures beautiful, agile, graceful, for one hideous Hippopotamus or clumsy Toucan. Man has invented a score of Chimeras, Dragons, Krakens, Ogres, and Gorgons for a single Faun or Fairy. In truth, the share which shapes not merely of ugliness, but of sheer horror occupy among his creations, goes far to show how prevalent among the stimulants of his imagination must have been the passions of fear and awe. In the daylight he dreamed rarely, and then it was such Midsummer day-dreams as the Dryads, the Naiads, and the Fauns. With the night fell on him a great horror of darkness, and he was visited by such nightmares as the Empusæ, the white-sheeted Spectre of the Dead, the Fury, and the Vampire.

But more marked than all else is the Moral difference between the creatures of human Fancy and the beasts, and birds, and reptiles of Nature. The instincts which man has lent to the offspring of his imagination are indefinitely worse and lower than those which are to be found in real eagles and tigers, which slay and eat their natural prey to satisfy their hunger; and there make an

end. But the perfidious and cruel Sphinxes and Harpies and Gorgons and Vampires and Gnomes and Dragons do mischief for mischief's sake, and are altogether merciless. Here and there we find relief from the gloomy picture in a pure and harmless Phoenix or a beneficent Fairy godmother (the latter very obviously a Christian conception). But even the gifts of Genii and the Gnomes are treacherous and their love is selfish and fickle. The brutes of Fancy are merely brutish with a spice of human malignity superadded. Man has created filthy Harpies, and relentless Hydras, and subtle and vindictive Sphinxes; but he has never, even in thought, created such an animal as the sagacious and friendly elephant, the kindly-natured horse, or the affectionate dog. Seeking for the records of the Fauna of Fancy in the pages of Pliny, I fell upon one little story which touched a very different note from that of any of his human-invented fables. It is very simply told, just as follows (Nat. Hist., lib. viii. 61):—

"Above all instances of the fidelity of dogs was one which occurred in our time, and which is attested in the Acts of the Roman People, Appius Junius and P. Silius being consuls (A.C. 781). Titius Sabinus and his slaves were put to death on account of Nero the son of Germanicus. A dog belonging to one of these slaves could neither be driven away from the prison, nor made to leave the corpse of his master which had been thrown down the Gemonian steps. Standing over it, he uttered such sad cries that a crowd of Roman citizens collected round, and some one offered him food. The dog took the meat, but laid it down beside his dead master's mouth. Even when the body was thrown into the Tiber he swam out after it, and was seen endeavouring to support it as it was carried away by the stream."

In all the rich Fauna of Fancy we may seek in vain, I think, for a creature to compare with this poor dog—such as the Author of Nature made him—faithful to the dead slave on the Gemonian stairs.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"MY LYDIA."

THE story of Sterne's daughter Lydia, which has only lately been followed out to its close, will, perhaps, be found to have some interest.

Yorick seems to have had a partiality for the name of Lydia, for he gave it to two of his daughters in succession. The first was born in October 1745, and lived but a day. The second was born in December 1747, and received the same name. As she grew up her father became fond of her, and seemed to indulge all her fancies; and even at his periods of wild dissipation and of utter domestic neglect, the name of "his Lydia" always awakened unwonted tenderness and affection. She was the only thing that appeared to exercise any power of cohesion in that discordant household, and it was for her sake alone that the disorderly Yorick was even occasionally drawn back to the side of a helpmate that he found so uncongenial.

When Lydia was only twelve years old her father was living "a poor parson" some few miles from York. He was writing his *Shandy*, and was known only as a lively and witty clergyman. Having a small canonry in the cathedral, he was entitled to quarters during his term of residence; but as his Lydia was growing up, he took a house in the town in order that she "might begin dancing, &c.; for," he wrote, "if I cannot leave her a fortune I will at least give her an education." This house was in Stonegate, and it is interesting to know that forty years later the tradition of his residence there was preserved, and the room in which he wrote his *Tristram* was pointed out to intending lodgers. When Charles Matthews, then a young and struggling actor, came to York, he was glad to secure the old-fashioned rooms, fitted up with antique furniture, on cheap terms from Mrs. Simpson, the landlady. They had the reputation of being haunted. There had been many tenants, but all had taken their departure after a few days' stay. Towards midnight three distinct and mysterious blows sounded from the wainscot, which no minuteness of investigation could trace to any human source. The humble actor, however, could not afford to indulge the sensitiveness of his nerves, put up with the inconvenience, and gradually grew accustomed to it, returning during the following season. A long time afterwards he accidentally learned the cause. An eccentric old actor named "Billy Leng" lived next door, who was accustomed, on going to bed, to give three vigorous strokes with his crutch-handle stick against the wainscot for the purpose of scaring away robbers or other visitants.

After the success of *Tristram* Mr. Sterne found himself in the new parsonage which the two little volumes had brought him. He worked in a sort of domestic and pastoral fashion. "My Lydia" had a pony which she delighted in; she also helped to copy his MS., while her mother would knit and listen as Yorick read out his work. This has been urged in proof of his depravity; and a father employing his young daughter to write out the indelicacies of *Tristram Shandy* would be open to just reprobation. But it will be seen that his phrase is that she merely "helped" him in his copying, and the portion of *Shandy* he was then busy with contains little that is objectionable.

The success of his book and the welcome given to its author made him restless and dissatisfied with the droning life of a country parson. Thenceforward his eyes were always turned to London, Paris, or Scarborough. In 1762 he sent for his wife and child to France, determining to pass the winter in that country. Lydia was enchanted with Paris, and "did nothing but look out of the window and complain of the torture of being frizzled. I wish," adds the father in his sentimental manner, "she may ever remain a child of nature."

At Toulouse, where they settled, there was no end of junketings, and the agreeable Tristram became the "life and soul," as it is called, of the English colony. Nothing was heard of but private theatricals and parties of pleasure. "Miss Shandy," as he wrote, "is hard at it, with music, dancing, and French-speaking, which last she does *à merveille*, and speaks it with an excellent accent, considering she practises within sight of the Pyrenean mountains." The volatile parent, however, soon found himself called home to attend the season in London and get ready his books. The two ladies preferred to remain in France. The truth was, it had become impossible for Mrs. Sterne to support any longer the character of enduring and indulgent wife. There is in existence an extraordinary pen and ink sketch by Mr. Sterne representing the lady—or at least, with her name in his handwriting underneath. It is a caricature rather than a likeness, the chin being of enormous size, and the whole presenting the face of an old and wrinkled person. Below he had written, "Mrs. Sterne, wife of Sterne," and in the corner, "*Pigrich fecit*." The handwriting is unquestionably his. It would al-

most seem that Mr. Sterne had been copying a French print of Francis I. or of Henry IV., had finished off the lower part with a woman's dress, and had then written Mrs. Sterne's name underneath.

The ladies then, being left behind, were to live economically, spending the summer at Bagnières for the health of Mrs. Sterne. "As she chooses," he wrote to a friend, "to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wish my girl in England." The Reverend Laurence could have no objection indeed. He was thus free of a very awkward restraint.

They were "fixed" for a short time at Montauban, whither he directed many thoughtful and affectionate letters, sending her also the *Spectator* and other books, and warning her against friendship with the French women:

Not that I think ill of them all, but sometimes women of the best principles are the most *insinuating* — nay, I am so jealous of you that I should be miserable were I to see you had the least grain of coquetry in your composition. You have enough to do — for I have also sent you a guitar — and as you have no genius for drawing (though you never could be made to believe it), pray waste not your time about it. Remember to write to me as to a friend — in short, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.

He writes to a friend:

I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking for my daughter. Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker), he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my death — by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on his side. My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds on the day of marriage. My calculation is as follows: she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two — there goes five thousand pounds — then, sir, you, at least, think her not ugly: she has many accomplishments — speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her upon my terms; for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds." I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean — that is, as a flat refusal. — *Letters*, v. 2, 76.

While he made a tour in Italy, enjoying himself as he well knew how, the mother and daughter moved on to Tours. But they seem to have been unsettled; and as Mr. Sterne came home through France, "never had man such a wild goose chase after a wife" as he had. He

sought her in half a dozen towns, and at last discovered her "in Franche Comté." They were enchanted to see him, and Lydia he found vastly improved. Her poor mother was in wretched health, and after her husband's departure made her way to Avignon, where Mr. Sterne soon heard that she "was going down very fast." However, the fine air of the place helped to restore her. His Lydia enjoyed herself in this delicious retreat (which was close to Petrarch's tomb), a little *château*, half furnished with tapestry, seven rooms, permission to fish, so many partridges a week, and the price — "guess; seven guineas a week. There's for you!" The young girl, under the influence of French graces, and perhaps inheriting a share of her father's liveliness, was making way in French society. The Marquis de Sade was her neighbour, whose brother, M. l'Abbé, corrected her exercises. One of these was the rendering of Mr. Sterne's sermons into French. She attended the *fêtes champêtres*, and cultivated her new guitar which her affectionate father sent her. She had her lively French dog too, which was to be brought to England, though Mr. Sterne protested, if he was as devilish as when he saw him, he would have to tutor him, as he would not have his favourite cat abused. Above all, she must throw her rouge-pots into the river, and he seriously remonstrated with her on the practice of face-painting.

At last by the October of the year 1767 they had arrived, and the family party met together at the Yorkshire vicarage. "My Lydia," wrote the delighted father, "seems transported at the sight of me; Nature, my dear P., breathes in all her composition; and except a little vivacity, which is a fault in the world we live in, I am fully content with her mother's care of her." In short, it would seem that she had profited by her French training, and was become, in her father's quaint phrase, "an elegant, accomplished little slut." A month's companionship made him appreciate her still more. There were some worthy people — the Jameses — whose deep interest in Sterne is a happy piece of evidence to character, going to prove that his heart must have been, as the phrase goes, in the right place. These good friends sincerely sympathized with the well-meant but too faint attempts he made at reformation. To them he wrote of Lydia:

She is a dear, good creature; affectionate

and most elegant in body and mind. She is all Heaven could give me in a daughter, but like His blessings not given but lent, for her mother loves France; and this dear part of me must be torn from my arms to follow her mother, who seems inclined to establish her in France, where she has had many advantageous offers. Do not smile at my weakness when I say I don't wonder at it, for she is as accomplished a slut as France can produce. — *Letters*, v. 3, 106.

Little more than a month went by, and the fond father was writing fresh raptures about his child. He was offered high preferment in Ireland, the country of his birth. But he declined it, as Mrs. Sterne's health could not endure the climate. "Without my Lydia, if a mitre were offered me, it would sit uneasy upon my head. My heart bleeds," he goes on, "when I think of parting with my child — 'twill be like the separation of soul, and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment. . . . You will laugh at my weakness, but I cannot help it, for she is a dear, disinterested girl." His heart bled again when he parted with his darling child; for she had left him to go to York. As he was bidding her adieu, he was enchanted with an affectionate answer she made him. She refused some pocket-money which he put into her hand. "No, my dear papa; our expenses of coming from France may have straitened you — I would rather put a hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it." "Her answer was pretty," adds the dotting father, "and affected me too much." He never saw her again.

A week or two later he was in town, both on pleasure and business, but in wretched health, attending the usual round of routs, Soho masquerades, and dinners — all the while suffering from a "vile influenza," which had fastened on him and was to be his death. It is sad to think that the last words of his last composition were to be the unfinished sentence of his *Sentimental Journey*. In the midst of the success of that book he was full of forebodings; and though looking forward to joining his child at York in a few weeks, he seems to feel that the hand of death was already on him. He was writing to his Lydia as to the choice of a lady to be a guardian in case he should survive her mother. "But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will survive; do not deject her spirits with thy apprehensions on my account. I have sent you a necklace and buckles, and the same to thy mother. . . . I am never alone. The kindness of my friends

is ever the same. *I wish, though, I had thee to nurse me, but I am denied that.*"

By the middle of the next month he was at the last gasp, and yet there was none of his family with him. This desertion at such a crisis must incline the world to be on his side in the oft-debated question of his behaviour towards Mrs. Sterne, and it is probable that with a more congenial companion he might have been a better man. In his dying moments he was still thinking of his Lydia, and with faltering pen addressed an imploring supplication to his faithful friend, Mrs. James. "If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned, which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will, if she is left parentless, take her to your bosom? You are the only woman on earth I can depend on for such a benevolent action. Mr. James will be a father to her — he will protect her from every insult." Two days after he died, without a friend or relation to stand beside him; and the hired nurse, it is said, stole his gold sleeve-buttons.

The mother and daughter were left in sore straits. Mr. Sterne's debts were defrayed by a public subscription and the sale of his effects, and his widow had a little patrimony of some forty pounds a year to live upon. Lydia, to judge from her picture which was painted by West, seems to have been a *spirituelle*-looking girl, with something of the air of the Sheridan ladies; the mouth a little recalling that of her father. Her thoughts and inclinations turned to France, where she was likely to be appreciated, and where their little income would go farther than in England. It would appear, however, that in her there was the same "want of ballast" which was such a defect in the father's character.

After the late Mr. Sterne's affairs were settled the two ladies came to London to arrange a scheme for publishing an edition of the "Sermons" by subscription. They found lodgings at Mr. Williams's, a paper merchant in Gerrard Street, Soho, close to their friends the Jameses. They applied at once to Mr. Wilkes — as being a friend of the departed humourist — to secure them influential subscribers:

Mrs. and Miss Sterne's compliments wait on Mr. Wilkes. They intend doing themselves the pleasure of calling upon him, if not disagreeable; and would be obliged to him if he would appoint an hour when he will not be better engaged. They would not intrude; yet

should be happy to see a person whom they honour, and whom Mr. Sterne justly admired. They will, when they see Mr. Wilkes, entreat him to ask some of his friends to subscribe to three volumes of Mr. Sterne's Sermons, which they are now publishing. Not to have a melancholy story to tell Mr. Wilkes when they meet, Miss Sterne begs leave to tell it now in a few words.

My father died, and left his unhappy widow and daughter in the most distressed circumstances. His debts amounted to eleven hundred pounds; his effects, when sold, did not raise above four hundred: my mother nobly engaged to pay the rest out of a little estate of forty pounds per annum, which was all she had in the world; she could not bear the thoughts of leaving his debts unpaid, and I honour her for it. This was, or rather would have been, a scanty provision, at least for those who have seen better days. Heaven raised us up friends, who both saw and pitied our distress; and gave a most convincing proof of it, by making a collection in our behalf in the race week at York, which amounted to 800*l*. We are now publishing these Sermons, in hopes of raising something for our future comfort. We have sold the copyright for a trifle; our greatest hopes are, that we may have a good many subscribers. Several of our friends have used their interest in our behalf. This simple story of our situation will, I doubt not, engage Mr. Wilkes to do what he can in getting us some subscriptions, and we should be glad to know by a line, what day and hour will be most *à propos* for us to wait on him. — Wilkes, *Cor. v. p. 7*.

Nothing can be more subdued and humble than the strain of this appeal, in which the first and third person is curiously jumbled. Mr. Wilkes received them cordially, and with that "effusion" and lavish fund of promises which was his characteristic. He would do everything. Nay, he would pay a grateful tribute to the departed Shandean, by writing his Life in concert with Mr. John Hall Stevenson. That a daughter should have been anxious that her father's career should have been set forth by the pens of two such professed debauchees and writers of scandalous works, shows a want of discretion amounting to folly. The promise, however, was to be as vain as the performance would have been eccentric. Wilkes went into details, and suggested that the daughter should ornament the work with drawings. It was also intended to add his Letters; and though she felt that these were not of a description that ought to be given to the public, as they would do no credit to his memory, Miss Lydia flippanantly announced that if the publisher seemed cool as to

the whole project, he was to be tempted by the offer of the Correspondence.

The ladies set off for France and fixed themselves at Angoulême. Lydia wrote to her new patron from that city in a strain that contrasts curiously with her previous obsequiousness. Her whole character as "an accomplished little slut" seems to be revealed in this communication, and there is a pertness and affectation of smartness which does not predispose us in her favour. She wrote from M. Bologne's, in the Rue Cordeliers, on July 22, 1769:

Dear Sir, — 'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to fulfil the promise I made you the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. I mean that of writing to you, and to give you an account of us and of our situation. A correspondent like Mr. Wilkes gives your humble servant more vanity than I thought I was capable of. I am an inch taller to-day than I was yesterday. I wish the French may not find a difference in my behaviour — *ce sera bien pire*. When I receive a letter from you, they certainly will say, "*Peste ! que cette fille est aujourd'hui dans ces grands airs ! Décampons au plus vite*." This is supposing you will favour me with an answer, else I have done wrong to style you "correspondent;" but I know you are polite, and never want what the French call *égards pour les femmes*: encore moins, je m'imagine, vis-à-vis les filles.

You expected an English letter, and not a *pot pourri*. I will not write one word more of French. I know not why I do, for I am no very great admirer of the language: 'tis better calculated for nonsense than my own; and consequently suits me better to write, though not Mr. Wilkes to read. Thank my stars, you promised me not to show my letters to any one, not even to your confessor — remember that.

Now, as to our journey, — nothing either agreeable in it or diverting, I promise you. A journey through France (that is to say, the posting part of it) cannot be a *Sentimental* one; for it is one continued squabble with innkeepers and postilions: yet not like Smelfungus, who never kept his temper; for we kept ours, and laughed whilst we scolded. — How much the French have the advantage over us ! They give themselves ease by swearing; which, you know, is talking bawdy. We English women do not know how to set about it; yet, as archbishops in France swear as well as their neighbours (for I have heard them, to my edification), I cannot see why we women may not follow their example. The French women, however, do it *sans façon*. Again ! — scratch out the words *sans façon* yourself, and put an English one in the place, which I will hereafter adopt.

Angoulême is a pretty town: the country most delightful, and from the principal walk there is a very fine prospect; a serpentine

river, which joins the Garonne at Bordeaux, has a very good effect; trees in the middle of it, which form little islands, where the inhabitants go and take the *fresco*: — in short, 'tis a most pleasant prospect; and I know no greater pleasure than sitting by the side of the river, reading Milton or Shakespeare to my mother. Sometimes I take my guitar and sing to her. Thus do the hours slide away imperceptibly; with reading, writing, drawing, and music.

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
We play the trifle life away.

Yet, dear Sir, often do we wish ourselves in England. Necessity sent us hither; may Fortune bring us back!

We receive much civility from the people here. We had letters of recommendation, which I would advise every English person to procure wherever he goes in France. We have visitors, even more than we wish — as we ever found the French in general very insipid. I would rather choose to converse with people much superior to me in understanding (that I grant I can easily do, so you need not smile). With the one I can have no improvement, but with people of sense I am sure of learning something every hour; as being intimate with a person of an excellent heart and sensible feelings mends sometimes one's own.

'Tis now time to remind Mr. Wilkes of his kind promise — to exhort him to fulfil it. If you knew, dear Sir, how much we are straitened as to our income, you would not neglect it. We should be truly happy to be so much obliged to you that we may join, to our admiration of Mr. Wilkes in his public character, tears of gratitude whenever we hear his name mentioned, for the peculiar service he has rendered us. Much shall we owe to Mr. Hall for that and many other favours; but to you do we owe the kind intention which we beg you to put in practice. As I know Mr. Hall is somewhat lazy, as you were the promoter, write to him yourself: he will be more attentive to what you say. . . .

I fear I have wore out your patience. Forgive me, 'twas a pleasing occupation to write to you. I know not whether it is impertinent to ask you if your affairs go on equal to the wishes of your friends? That they may, believe me, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful obliged friend,
L. STERNE.

P.S. — We flatter ourselves you are well. My mother joins in most cordial wishes for your welfare and happiness. May everything you wish be granted you! as I am sure you will grant us ours; nay, you even *prevented it*.

Once more, adieu!

Our best compliments wait on Miss Wilkes.
— Wilkes, *Cor. v. p. 7*.

Mr. Wilkes had, however, sufficient on his hands. He was harassed with difficulties and shut up in the King's Bench Prison. But then he had, at least, leisure

and opportunity to have replied. Some three months went by. No reply came, and Lydia again appealed to him:

How long have I waited (she wrote in October) for a letter from Mr. Wilkes in answer to that I wrote him. I fear he is not well; I fear his own affairs have not allowed him time to answer me; in short, I am full of fears. "Hope deferred makes the heart sick." Three lines, with a promise of writing Tristram's Life, for the benefit of his widow and daughter, would make us happy. A promise, did I say? that I already have; but a second *assurance*. Indeed, my dear Sir, since I last wrote we stand more in need of such an act of kindness. Panchaud's failure has hurt us considerably: we have, I fear, lost more than, in our circumstances, we could afford to lose. Do not, I beseech you, disappoint us: let me have a single line from you, "I will perform my promise," and joy will take place of our sorrow. I trust you will write to Hall; in pity, do.

Adieu, dear Sir! May you enjoy all the happiness you deserve! may every wish of yours be granted, as I am sure you will grant my request! My mother joins in best compliments. Our most cordial wishes attend you and the amiable Miss Wilkes. — Believe me, most truly, your faithful friend, and obedient humble servant,
L. STERNE.

No answer was returned to this appeal. At the same time she addressed a reminder to the proposed coadjutor, Mr. Hall Stevenson, who also took no notice. Six months went by, and, despairing of hearing from Wilkes, she wrote again to Stevenson:

If you ever felt (she says) what hope deferred occasions, you would not have put us under that painful situation; from whom the neglect arises I know not, but surely a line from you, dear Sir, would not have cost you much trouble. Tax me not with boldness for using the word *neglect*: as you both promised, out of the benevolence of your hearts, to write my father's Life for the benefit of his widow and daughter, and as I myself look on a promise as sacred, and I doubt not but you think as I do; in that case the word is not improper. In short, dear Sir, I ask but this of you; to tell me by a very short letter, whether we may depend on yours and Mr. Wilkes's promise, or if we must renounce the pleasing expectation. But, dear Sir, consider that the fulfilling of it may put 400*l.* into our pockets; and that the declining it would be unkind, after having made us hope and depend upon that kindness. Let this plead my excuse.

If you do not choose to take the trouble to wait on Mr. Wilkes, send him my letter, and let me know the *oui ou le non*. Still let me urge, press, and entreat Mr. Hall to be as good as his word: if he will interest himself

in our behalf, 'twill but be acting consistent with his character; 'twill prove that Eugenius was the friend of Yorick—nothing can prove it stronger than befriending his widow and daughter.—Adieu, dear Sir!—believe me your most obliged, humble servant,

L. STERNE.

My mother joins in best compliments.—Wilkes, *Cor. v.* p. 7.

As was to be expected, neither of the gentlemen performed what they had undertaken to do. Indeed it may be doubted if they had the gifts for such a task. So a rather pretty edition of the works appeared, and without a Life.

Three years later we find mother and daughter settled at Alby, an old town in Languedoc, probably seeking a still cheaper manner of living. M. Stapfer, who has written with much critical sagacity on Sterne's works and character, has discovered that here they moved in the best society of the place, and were well appreciated.

At this point, the accounts of Lydia's history usually end, there being no more known of her, save a dim tradition that she married a Frenchman, and was one of the victims of the Revolution. It is now ascertained that at Alby she became acquainted with a young man of the name of Alexander Anne Medalle, a son of a *Receveur des Décimes* in the Customs. From the "Acts" of the town it appears, that on April 28, 1772, she abjured the Protestant religion in the private chapel of the Provost's house, and on the same day was married to the young man, who was a year younger than herself—her mother being too ill to be present.

In the Registers is a most remarkable entry which invites speculation. "The marriage was imperative (*forcé*) and urgent;" on which, in the *Inventaire des Archives d'Alby*, is found this gloss: "For at that period the law authorized *la recherche de la paternité*." The first impression from this would be unfavourable to Miss Lydia's character, and Lord Howden (in a letter to the *Athenæum*) quotes the altered rule from the Code Napoléon in support of this view; but it seems too harsh and ungracious a conclusion to be accepted on such evidence. The following solution is not improbable. Mrs. Sterne was ill, probably in danger of death, for she died a few months later. In case of her death, the difficulty of proving consent of parents and guardians would be increased, and the countries being at war, the *recherche de la paternité*

would be impossible. The French law is, or used to be, very strict in requiring such formalities. There is certainly obscurity in the matter, and we must not condemn poor Lydia too hastily.

Mrs. Sterne died in January 1773, at a Dr. Lioncière's house in the town, No. 9, Rue St. Antoine. It must be said that during her somewhat troubled course, she carried out, in an ungracious way perhaps, correct and respectable principles of conduct. That publication of the Letters which her daughter had once hinted at, was not attempted during her lifetime. In June 1775, Mrs. de Medalle was in London for the purpose of publishing these papers, in which her father confesses that he "was more sick of his wife than ever," in which he makes love to Lady P. and others, with other indecorous confessions. The only excuse is that she may have been too careless to have read the Letters, and it should be said that the passage that refers to her mother is in Latin. All the Reviews protested against this scandal, which was called indecent. Lydia dedicated the book in her favourite style to Mr. Garri-
rick.

She had one son, who died in September 1783, when at school. The year of her death is unknown, but she died before her son. She did not therefore perish in the Revolution, as is supposed. Nothing whatever is known of the fate of M. de Medalle.

Such is the story of Sterne's daughter, which is worth preserving if only in memory of Yorick.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

From Temple Bar.

SIX WEEKS IN ELBA.

PEOPLE occasionally rail at the monotony of civilization, the dullness of beaten paths, the *prestige de l'inconnu*, &c., &c.; all I can say is, that the last six weeks' experience has taught me that the beaten path, if dull, is smooth; that the *inconnu*, when *connu*, loses its charm; and that invading a virgin soil is a dangerous experiment. Nevertheless, to one who dislikes roughing it less than I do, there are charms in the scenery and primitive customs of Elba sufficient to compensate for many inconveniences.

It was early on a bright June morning that I and my belongings embarked at Leghorn, and at 1.30 P.M., after a some-

what rough passage, the northern coast of Elba rose menacingly before us, impressing me with a sense of unutterable dreariness. Gigantic rocks, like massive walls, rising perpendicularly from the water, alone met the eye. Mass after mass of these natural ramparts did we steam by, without getting a peep of town or harbour; in fact, the entrance to the latter is so winding, and the town so hidden by fortifications, natural and artificial, that the first glimpse one obtains of it is when actually in the port. The position and general appearance of Porto Ferrajo are wonderfully striking and picturesque; the little peninsula on which it is built is so narrow where it joins the main land, that it looks almost like a separate island. The town is crescent-shaped, and the streets, rising terrace-fashion, one above another, are connected by broad, steep flights of steps, which make walking very fatiguing.

Via Degli Ebrei, or Jews Street, where I was located, is at the very top of the town, and runs its whole length, from Fort Stella, at the north-eastern angle, to Fort Falcone, at the north-western point. At but two yards' distance from my abode a flight of broad steps leads to the Piazza Grande, below which are the cathedral, casino, public offices, half a dozen *cafés*, and as many barbers' shops. Crossing the Piazza, we enter the Piazzetta. The Piazzetta is the Rialto of the Porto Ferrajese, where assemble the Antonios and Shylocks of the town to calculate their gains and speculate on the fate of their argosies tossing on the distant ocean. Here also are the best shops and the most frequented *cafés*. In a word, here business is transacted, scandal repeated, bargains are struck, and politics discussed. Porto Ferrajo is the cleanest town in the world, and its houses, for the most part, though exceedingly plain, have a neat and decent appearance. If there are no palaces, neither are there any hovels; if no signs of riches, but few indications of poverty.

My first excursion was to San Martino, the country residence of the Emperor Napoleon during his brief exile, distant some four miles from Porto Ferrajo. The road thither lies through desolate-looking sandy fields, enclosed by tumble-down-looking stone walls, with here and there a blighted tree supporting a sickly vine. The situation of San Martino is gloomy in the extreme. The house, a large, square, hideous building, stands in a deep ravine, between two fir-clothed

hills; and altogether, a place more fitted to give one the horrors I have seldom seen.

The memory of Napoleon is warmly and justly cherished by the Elbans, for he invariably displayed, during his residence among them, the warmest anxiety for their well-being, and neglected no means by which their moral and social condition might be improved. On leaving the island, he bequeathed his library, consisting of many thousand volumes, including costly editions of rare and valuable works, to the municipality, for the public advantage and instruction. But, alas! neither the municipality nor the public have shown themselves capable of appreciating such a treasure. Numbers of volumes have been lost; others are so worm-eaten and otherwise injured as to be unreadable; they are now left to moulder on their shelves, no one being allowed to read, or even, unless by especial favour, to see them. Thus, through ignorance and neglect, has a truly generous intention been wholly frustrated.

Having heard wonders of the variety and beauty of the mineralogical treasures of Elba, and being curious about, though wholly unlearned in such matters, I was surprised on inquiry to find that no collection of specimens of these existed at Porto Ferrajo, and still more so to hear that though one of its most intelligent and cultivated inhabitants, Signor Raffaello Foresi, well known in Tuscany for his literary attainments, had offered to form and classify such a collection — volunteering at the same time to contribute many valuable specimens towards it — the municipality, for reasons only understood by that majestic body, had thought fit to turn a deaf ear to the proposal.

Although exceedingly anxious to visit the wonderful iron mines of Rio, distant about nine miles from Porto Ferrajo, on the eastern coast of the island, more than a fortnight from the day of my arrival passed away without my being able to do so — the unusual prevalence of sirocco having really made everything like exertion beyond crawling to the port late in the evening for an hour's sail in the gulf an utter impossibility. The sirocco is the scourge of Elba, and while it lasts one's limbs seem to give way at every step. However, one evening, the wind having suddenly changed, I fixed my expedition for the next morning. We were astir at cock-crow, and, embarking at seven o'clock, an hour's rowing brought us to a small fishing-village on the oppo-

site side of the bay, where horses and guides awaited us — a fearful thing in the shape of a side-saddle of the most antiquated form, and wholly guiltless of stuffing, having been brought from the other side of the island for me. My two little boys, perched on pillows, strapped across strong donkeys, under the guardianship of a trusty guide, led the van in triumph. For rather more than a mile our road lay along the beach, and then, gradually winding inland, passed through a picturesque, little-cultivated, and almost wholly uninhabited country; indeed, with the exception of a hamlet perched on the top of a seemingly inaccessible rock, I did not see during our long ride a single habitation, or, saving one solitary goat-herd, a human being. About three miles from Rio the landscape is sombre and desolate in the extreme, the road, or rather rugged path, now winding through a gloomy ravine and now along the unfenced edge of a deep abyss — an occasional cluster of oak or grove of olive trees alone enlivening the utter dreariness of the scene. The heat, as the day wore on, became well-nigh intolerable, making one at times feel sick and dizzy. The sky was terribly cloudless, and the path, except by an occasional projecting rock or hedge of prickly pear, wholly unshaded. I noticed a profusion of myrtles, oleanders, gum cistus, and lilacs, while rosemary, thyme, and a great variety of sweet-smelling plants flourished in weed-like luxuriance. A very fatiguing ride of two hours brought us to Rio Alto, or Upper Rio, where the road attains its greatest elevation, and whence we had a magnificent view of the Gulf of Porto Ferrajo and the Italian coast. The descent from Upper to Lower Rio is so steep that we were forced to dismount and scramble down on foot as best we could. This was by far the worst part of our journey, for the sharp-pointed stones cut our feet horribly. At the bottom of the hill we found ourselves in a pretty valley, watered by the stream or *rio* which gives its name to the locality, and a tolerable road soon brought us to the town and harbour of Lower Rio.

Of the magnitude and almost inexhaustible resources of the mines nothing that I can say can give a just idea. The mass of iron which constitutes them forms a mountain rising to a height of five or six hundred feet and more than four miles in circumference, of which the surface is covered with a reddish kind of earth, full of shining scales of iron. Be-

neath this lie enormous masses of iron, thrown together without any appearance of stratification. These mines are supposed to be the richest in the world, and could, it is said, furnish supplies sufficient for the requirements of the whole of Europe, were it but possible to carry on the process of smelting either in the island itself or on the adjacent Tuscan coast; but the absence of coal and the scarcity of timber render this impossible. Roads, wide enough for carts, traverse the mountains in all directions. I was so much interested by the novelty of the scene that, notwithstanding the heat, and occasional steepness of the ascent, I walked about in all directions for nearly three hours, almost unconscious of fatigue; but the sight of the gigantic masses of iron, the constant explosions and consequent falling of the huge blocks just detached, the ringing sound of numberless hammers, the bustle inseparable from the presence of a vast number of workmen, and troops of ponies, mules, and asses, so bewildered me, that I returned to my kind hosts deaf and dizzy. A cup of coffee and an hour's rest having somewhat restored me, we set out on our homeward journey. It was past ten o'clock when we reached home. I felt as if I had been away a month! The day had been interminable!

Early one morning, a day or two after this memorable expedition, my old boatman rushed in to say that if I cared to see *la pesca del tonno*,* or tunny fishery, for which Elba is famous, I must not lose a moment, as the boats were just pushing off. Away we flew to the port, and were rowed to the entrance of the harbour. The nets in which the fish are taken are allowed to remain under water for a month or six weeks, and are fastened to large fishing-boats, which are arranged so as to form a circle of considerable dimensions. When the nets are to be hauled up this circle is gradually lessened, and the boats drawn towards the centre. These were full of men, of whom seventy or eighty are required to draw up the nets. Such a scene as it was! The men jumped and yelled like maniacs, while the lookers-on (for the whole town turns out on these occasions) cheered vociferously as the increasing bubbling and foaming of the water showed that the net was approaching the surface; the struggles of the unhappy fish, as they saw

* This fishery takes place in different parts of the island, and its annual profits amount to about £4000.

that escape was impossible, being horrible to witness, as they bounded in the nets, lashing right and left with their tails, with a force which sent the water flying in all directions, and drenching the nearest spectators to the skin. I had been so nearly fried on my way to the scene of action, the thermometer standing at eighty-eight in the shade, that this shower-bath was rather refreshing. Finding their case hopeless, the wretched fish fell upon and attacked each other, until the straitened space between the boats looked like a pool of blood; and they were at last dragged up, dead and dying, and flung, panting and bleeding, into the boats; many of them being of great size, and weighing not less than from 250 to 300 lbs. Pickled tunny is excellent, but when fresh it tastes like fishy veal. The "flesh pots" of Elba are no great things, the market being very ill-supplied. Beef, veal, and mutton are bad and dear, poultry diminutive and thin, butter and cow's milk luxuries unknown. For the latter I found goat's milk not a bad substitute. Bread is good and cheap, and vegetables and fruit excellent. Amongst the latter I noticed a kind of wild cherry, very good when dried and made into puddings. The wines, both red and white, are really admirable, and the quantity exported amounts in some years to not less than 100,000 barrels.

The Elbans are a peaceable, good sort of people, their failings being those of all small communities, and especially of such as, from their peculiar position, are shut out from free and frequent intercourse with the rest of the world. They are vain and exceedingly touchy, not a little given to evil speaking and slandering, and inquisitive to an absurd and troublesome excess. The Elban ladies are really adepts in the art of cross-examination. Serious crime is hardly known, and Elban honesty is proverbial; bolts and bars get rusty from disuse, and indeed few people take the trouble of even shutting their doors at night.

Nature has bestowed on Elba many of her choicest gifts, and the variety of scenery to be found in this little island is truly remarkable. I have passed, in the course of an hour's ramble, from the dark ravine where the noonday sun had never shone, no bird had ever sung, nor flower bloomed, to the smiling vineyard and fertile valley, from the oak wood to the myrtle grove, from the foaming torrent to the purling brook. To the geolo-

gist, Elba presents a most interesting study; all the formations which compose the Apennines of Central Italy are there found as in miniature, and nowhere, perhaps, have been discovered more valuable records of that marvellous preadamite world, the duration of which no effort of science has been able to define. The primary granite of Mounts Capanna and Marciana, in which are injected immense veins of the tourmaliferous granite, has raised from the depths of the sea the *verrucano*, now recognized by the fossil plants and mollusca which it contains as a coal formation, and the lias, followed by cretaceous and eocenical rocks, and finally, miocene, pliocene, and pleistocene formations.*

If nature has shown herself thus prodigal of her gifts to this gem of the Tyrrhenian sea, man, it must he acknowledged, has proved himself all unworthy of her bounty. In common with most maritime populations, the Elbans are idle and indifferent husbandmen; the ground is ill cultivated, the crops (flax alone excepted) are scanty, and wholly inadequate to the wants of the population. Quantities of wheat and even oil are therefore imported. The olive woods, with which more than a third of the island is clothed, scarcely produce more than 150 barrels of oil yearly, the greater part of the trees having degenerated so much through want of proper cultivation as to be almost incapable of bearing fruit. Of pasture-land there is little or none; the goats browse among the rocks, while the sheep, fewer in number, pick up a scanty living where and how they can; the number of horned cattle is trifling, oxen being little used for the purposes of labour or transport. The mountain paths are too narrow for the passage of carts, and loads are therefore conveyed from one part of the island to another on the backs of mules. In common with Sardinia and Corsica, Elba possesses an excellent breed of horses, sure-footed and rapid, and fitted equally for either riding or draught; their coats are very shaggy, and some of them are hardly larger than a big dog. Small game, such as woodcocks, partridges, snipes, quails, and wild duck, are abundant; hares and rabbits are also plentiful. It is strange, considering the close proximity of Elba to the Etruscan coast, and her long annexation to the kingdom of Etruria, that all the

* For this slight geological sketch I am indebted to the kindness of the late Mrs. Somerville.

coins, vestiges of building, &c., which have been discovered, are undoubtedly Roman. I saw remains of what had evidently been a large building at a spot called "the Grottos," exactly opposite Porto Ferrajo, on the other side of the gulf. Many years ago an Englishman, struck with the romantic beauty of the place, built a house on the site of what had probably been a Roman villa. Timber abounds in this spot, and numberless walks, now obstructed by brushwood and overhanging branches, were cut by him in various directions through the woods, which in many places descend to the water's edge. The place is now uninhabited and falling to decay. No one remembers the solitary stranger; I could not even learn his name, but tradition says that he lived a lonely and eccentric life, and was buried, at his own request, in the most retired spot of the grounds he had so charmingly designed. I would willingly have visited his grave, but no one could guide me to it. The climate of Elba is variable during the summer months, and the heat often unbearable; in winter it is warm and healthy, and especially suited to consumptive persons. Still it would be a dreary place to winter in, for the houses are bare and comfortable; no carpets, no chimneys, few stoves! The Elban careth for none of these things; give him the noon-day sun and his *braciére*, and he is content!

The coast of Elba is exceedingly irregular, presenting an infinite variety of aspects. To the north, massive rocks rise like smooth gigantic walls, perpendicularly from the water; while to the east and west, chestnut and olive-wooded hills slope gradually to the shore.

Three chains of mountains intersect the island. Of these the most important extends a distance of about eleven miles from Mount Gogo to Mount Calamita (or magnet): a considerable promontory, projecting far into the sea, and which derives its name from the vast quantity of loadstone which it contains, the magnetic quality of which is sufficiently powerful to occasion a deviation of the needle in ships passing at a short distance from the coast. To the south-east, and next in importance to Porto Ferrajo, lie the town and port of Lungone, where are seen the ruins of a magnificent fortress, built during the occupation of the town by Neapolitan troops in 1603 by Philip the Third of Spain. A tolerable road leads from Lungone to Marciana, a place of some importance on ac-

count of its very commodious harbour, and thence to Porto Ferrajo.

Coming home from bathing one morning I found on my table a huge letter, sealed with a vast impression of the royal arms: the whole thing looked so like "*le service de l'Etat*," that notwithstanding the untroubled state of my conscience on the subject of plots and conspiracies, of which an undercurrent was then somewhat disturbing the peace of society, I really felt rather uneasy. The mountain, however, brought forth a mouse, in the shape of an invitation, odd enough to be worth transcribing:

The undersigned has the honour to inform Madame — that his saloons will be open on Wednesday, the 20th inst., at nine o'clock, for the reception of those who may wish to partake of the amusement of dancing. Simplicity of dress will be esteemed a favour.

(Signed)

GENERAL COUNT C. R.

From the moment the invitations were sent till the grand day itself, the town was in a ferment. This being the first ball which the governor had given since his arrival, dressmakers and shoemakers lost their natural rest, whilst an unhappy German flute-player, who a year or two previously had introduced into the island the mysteries of the *valse à deux temps*, what with teaching the young ladies about to make their *début*, rubbing up the experiences of the elder ones, and collecting musicians from the four winds of heaven — Lungone furnishing the clarinet, Rio the violoncello, and Rombino the violin — was well-nigh reduced to a phantom. Having neither dress to prepare nor dancing lessons to take, I happily contrived to steer tolerably clear of the general excitement. Some of my female acquaintance, knowing that I had brought nothing in the shape of trinkets with me, pressed on me the loan of such ornaments as they should not themselves require; thus I was obliged to "decline with thanks" a pair of yellow topaz ear-rings, a colossal mosaic brooch, and another of still larger dimensions, being nothing less than the miniature of my landlord arrayed in the uniform of the National Guard. His wife was anxious that I should adorn myself with this work of art, and was not a little affronted at my refusal. The important evening at length arrived, and as on account of the many flights of steps no carriages can circulate in Porto Ferrajo, I was obliged to walk, or rather scramble, to my destination; Government House

being built on the top of a rock only to be reached by a very steep, stony road.

The ball-room, built by Napoleon, is really very handsome, large, and finely proportioned; but its glory has long since departed, for the silken draperies are faded and the gilded eagles tarnished. Not a corner of Elba was left unrepresented on this grand occasion, and infinite was the variety displayed in the toilets, ranging as they did from *glacé* silks and white satin shoes to *mousseline de laine* and Russia-duck boots. Far less varied, alas, were the refreshments! as these consisted only of beer and effervescent lemonade, the corks being drawn in the ante-room, throughout the evening, by two soldiers in their shirtsleeves; simplicity was certainly the order of the day. The whole thing was so unlike any other ball that I had ever seen that I was exceedingly amused, and danced with gentle and simple, Jew and Christian, from eleven to five, when, panting and exhausted, I was offered — what? a cup of *consommé*? No; a cigarette!

It was but a few days after this memorable ball that, amongst many affectionate farewells, kissing of hands, and waving of handkerchiefs, we bid a long and last adieu to Porto Ferrajo, many of my good Elban friends having accompanied me on board the steamer which was to convey us to the *continente*, as the Elbans call the adjacent Italian coast. I frankly own that I was heartily tired of my island life, and rejoiced at the prospect of getting back to civilized customs, and above all, to cow's milk and bread-and-butter — two things for which I had often yearned. Still (such is the strange inconsistency of human nature) I gazed on the rocky coast of the island, as it gradually faded from my sight, with something very like regret, and I doubt not that in future years I shall place amongst the pleasant memories of a somewhat checkered and wandering life my six weeks in Elba.

From The Sunday Magazine.
LITTLE JEANNE.

I.

LYING in the sheltering curve of the hill, shadowed by a green mist of early foliage, the little wayside village looked a tempting resting-place to weary pedestrians, like ourselves, who were tired of plodding over white dusty roads bor-

dered with the never-ending poplars; and shadeless through the hot midday hours. On nearer view, there was not much that was tempting about it, save the cool ripple of the little spring, that, gushing from the rocky hillside, babbled and gurgled down the stony street, and the soft glow of the blossoming orchards in which the few scattered houses were set. These were mere peasants' dwellings, dreary and blank-looking, with unglazed windows, and wooden shutters creaking to and fro on their hinges. There was a deserted *café*, with great black letters straggling across its defaced plaster front; a little whitewashed church; the cemetery, with its gilt crosses and faded wreaths; and an old stone farm-house, on whose grey tower the pigeons were pluming their white feathers in the sun.

There was no hope of procuring rest and shelter here, for the great oak house-door was fast shut; and, besides the pigeons, some hens peckating in the sunny courtyard, were the only signs of life visible. Further down the road there was a trim little villa, but alas! a nearer glance showed the green *jalousies* to be carefully closed, and evidently its inmates were either asleep or absent. My friend, however, who was completely exhausted with fatigue and heat, had her hand on the gate, and would have attempted to obtain admission, had I not caught sight, through the window of the opposite cottage, of a head nodding to and fro to the monotonous movement of rocking a child to sleep. "May we come in?" I asked, presenting myself at the window. "We are very tired with the sun, and should be glad if you could give us shelter in your cool room."

The woman rose and opened the door, and, without answering us, beckoned us to enter and be seated, while she silently resumed her occupation. So bowed and feeble did she look, so worn and seamed with wrinkles, that we guessed her at once to be the grandmother of the little one asleep in the cradle. The cool kitchen was delightful to us after the glare outside, but dreary and forlorn-looking, like all the peasants' rooms we had yet entered. There was a blackened table in the middle of the earthen floor, long settles on either side of it, while the antique wooden cradle was pushed into a corner beside the wide grey hearth, where a half-charred log of wood was still smouldering. On the walls there were two or three brightly coloured wood-cuts, some strings of apples and bunches of maize.

The sunlight resting on the woman's bowed head, and slanting on the patchwork quilt and wooden rockers, made the only gleam of light in the dusky gloom of the interior; and, tired as I was, I found, after a few minutes, the silence growing almost irksome, the contrast becoming painful with the bright spring glitter of the world outside. The woman's attitude was one of listless dejection; our presence seemed to make no difference to her, till at last I broke the silence by venturing a remark concerning the baby, and rose from my seat to take a nearer view. As I approached, the woman hastily drew up the coverlet, and, as I spoke, looked up with a curious expression, half defiant, half piteous, on her withered face.

"She is nearly seven months old," she said, in reply to my question concerning the child's age; "but you mistake, madame, when you call her my 'grandchild.' I am her mother, and she is my only child."

Evidently I had made an awkward mistake, and I hastened to cover my confusion by remarking on the one great beauty of the fallow, pinched little face on the pillow.

"What lovely eyes she has!" I said, watching their bright restlessness; "they are wonderfully large and expressive for so young a baby. They look almost too bright. Is she ill, or suffering in any way?"

"Are you wise with children?" said the mother eagerly. "Can you make cures? Already I have taken her to Lourdes, to a person who has the gift, but she can do nothing for her."

"What is the matter?" I asked, instantly reviewing in my mind all the infantile disorders and their remedies with which I was acquainted. "If I know of anything to do her good, I will gladly tell you. But why do you not let the regular doctor see her?"

Her face, which had brightened for a moment, clouded again. "It is of no use," she said sadly. "He has seen her many times, and can do nothing. I thought, perhaps, in your country you might know of a cure. Look!" and pushing the quilt away from the baby's neck, she showed its sad disfigurement—a large protuberance, which she had before tried to conceal, and for which I too surely knew there could be no complete cure.

"Poor little thing," I said, "it would hurt her very much to try and take it

away; perhaps it will grow less as she gets older."

"Then you know nothing," said the woman, taking little heed of my poor attempt at comfort. "I have always wished to speak to a stranger that I might ask them, and now it is of no use;" and seating herself, she recommenced her monotonous rocking.

"She suffers no pain," I said; "it is only the disfigurement, and she looks so good and quiet. God has given her more patience than we have to bear her misfortune."

But she did not answer me again, and seemed to consider the conversation at an end, and after awhile I began to feel somewhat like an intruder, and proposed to my friend that we should continue our journey.

"I can offer no refreshment," said the woman as we rose to leave, "but if you go to the white house yonder, Madame Gabaud has both milk and wine."

"I am not half rested," said my friend; "do let us see if Madame Gabaud is really at home, for I cannot walk on till the sun is less powerful. Why could you not stay longer in the cottage? It was delightfully dim and quiet in there."

"Did you not think it was very painful?" I asked with a shudder. "That poor woman looked so hopelessly wretched. But still we can go back if this Madame Gabaud is not at home."

The gate of the garden where we had stopped before proved, however, to be unlocked. This seemed promising, and in fact we had hardly time to lift the bright knocker before a stout, comely-looking woman in a neatly quilted cap (a distinction amongst the gay *foulards* of the district) came up the garden path and greeted us heartily.

"Enter, ladies," she said. "You are welcome. Madame Gabaud is out. She has gone to Lourdes with her brother, but I am her *bonne*, and invite you to enter. You are fatigued! What weather! I saw you pass but a quarter of an hour since. For the moment I thought you would stop here, but you probably imagined no one to be at home. I hastened down, but you had entered the cottage, and although I would have prevented you if possible, I was too late. How I regret the absence of Madame! She will never forgive me if you do not repose yourselves now and accept some refreshment. I go —"

"Stay," I said, stopping her; "we only ask an hour's shelter. Unfortu-

nately, we have not the pleasure of knowing your mistress, but the woman in the cottage directed us here, and thought perhaps she might sell us some milk."

"Certainly," she answered, smiling in the most reassuring way, "there is milk which I go to fetch immediately."

I looked round the room when she had quitted it, and gave a deep sigh of relief, for we had not yet grown accustomed to the dirt and squalor of the cottages and farm-houses we had visited on our way, and it was pleasant enough to find ourselves in this snug little *maison bourgeoise*, where, from the crisp folds of the muslin curtains to the waxen polish on the floors, all was spotlessly clean and bright. Fanchette did not give me much time, however, for she reëntered almost immediately, bringing not only milk, but wine, honey, preserves, and fresh maize bread.

"What a misfortune that my mistress is absent!" she repeated; "it is not once in a month that any one comes into this village. Madame has a charming little apartment to let, but all the year it is unoccupied, except in the summer, when some one from Lourdes, perhaps, or even Baguères, comes to drink of the spring in the village. How delightful if only we would make up our minds to remain! Why not? But we were on our way to Luz perhaps, where the snow had hardly commenced to melt. How long did we intend to stay there?" And then followed the usual string of questions, our voluble entertainer never staying fortunately to listen for our replies, and only pausing in her flow of talk to insist on our partaking of the good things she set before us. She gave us not only her own, but her mistress's history, and catalogued the whole population of the village with the one exception of the woman opposite. My curiosity at last tempted me to inquire concerning this neighbour, but an ominous expression of vexation, the first frown we had seen on her good-humoured face, warned me that I was upon dangerous ground.

"She is a stranger to this village," she replied, turning away, "and has only been here a short time. I know very little about her." Then leading the way into the garden, she showed us all its leafy nooks and corners, its trim beds of vegetables and flowers, insisted on filling our hands with fragrant blossoms, our travelling-bags with rosy apples, and brown nuts, and dried plums. We gently reminded her that it was her mistress's

property she was dispensing, and endeavoured to leave a satisfactory remuneration in her hands, but she could not be induced to accept anything, declaring that if she did so she should lose her situation, and that she had only performed the duties for which she was engaged by Madame and Madame's brother, Mons. le Curé, and that if only we would return we should find how delighted Madame would be to hear of our visit.

"Return!" said my friend, as we stood in the little gate-way. "We have only a week left to stay amongst the mountains, and who knows when we may come back again?"

II.

Do we ever acknowledge to ourselves how many of our wishes are granted in the end, and how when they have passed away dead and forgotten their ghosts return to us in sudden fulfilment?

I remember how reluctantly I said good-bye to the lovely little village lying asleep in the afternoon sunshine—to Fanchette, smiling a kind good-bye at the gate; and with what a sigh of resignation I refused to listen to my friend's consoling suggestion that some day or other, when we needed rest and seclusion, we might really come and occupy Madame's apartment.

"Don't talk about coming again," I said. "It is always these quiet little havens that escape us; we catch sight of them for a moment, but when we need to hide ourselves away in them they become suddenly inaccessible, and for some unconquerable reason we are obliged to go to Brighton or Margate."

My impatient wish had long been forgotten; the little village was but a dim memory of one of those happy days. Years and time had separated my friend and myself, and I had come and gone, and come again to the beloved Pyrenean valley when circumstances, in their usual unexpected manner, brought the village and its inmates into sudden recollection. An attack of illness while visiting some friends at Pau left me a weak and nervous invalid. The early summer was warning every one to leave for the cooler shelter of the mountains, but I shrunk from passing my irritable convalescence at any of the well-known watering-places. In vain my friends pressed upon me the benefit of mountain air at sunrise, the charms of picnics and dances, hill climbing and donkey riding; each argument they used made the possibility more dreadful; and

they agreed at length to release me if I could discover within an hour or two's distance of them any retreat possessing the necessary qualifications of rest and seclusion.

"For you are not in England," they said to me, "where you can go down to any pleasant little village, and find comfort and cleanliness, neat apartments, and a good nurse waiting for you. Here, when you get outside a town, you get beyond the reach of civilization, and we cannot very well install you in a dirty cottage or low *auberge*. Then it was that I remembered that bright little house with its visionary Madame Gabaud and its real Fanchette—its spotless cleanliness, and its promise of comfort and repose. Ten years had passed since that sunny afternoon when we had visited it, but my friends were charmed with my description and set forth next day to see if it was still in existence, and still offered its tiny *appartement à louer*. Everything, they declared on their return, was just as I must have seen it. Fanchette was still there, voluble and entertaining, but Madame Gabaud was visible also, and proved to be a kind, motherly person—"the very one you would choose to take charge of an invalid." A few days sufficed to make my arrangements, and for once I gracefully admitted that my wish had kept its charm as I came in sight of the village, half buried in its blossoming orchards, with the little white house looking just the same, while at its gate stood a group waiting to greet me. So few and rare were their visitors, that Fanchette remembered me perfectly, and Madame Gabaud and the good *cure* made me feel like an old friend with their kind welcome. A curly-haired little girl, who at the moment of my approach had retreated behind a large currant bush, was vigorously pulled out by Fanchette and introduced as "Aimée," Madame's little daughter, and inducted reluctantly to offer her smooth, round cheek for a caress. Her half-sly, half-merry glance brought back with a sudden flash of recollection those scarcely more beautiful baby eyes that had so saddened me long ago, and instinctively I turned to look at the cottage opposite. To that at least, there had come change—a noisy group of children was on the door-step, the walls were newly whitewashed, the windows were glazed. Fanchette, seeing my glance, said with a little nod of satisfaction,—

"Ah, I perceive! Madame remembers

everything; she had the misfortune to enter the cretin's cottage. I would not then let you know where you had been lest I should cause you fear."

"Why were you afraid?" I asked as we entered the house. "Had there been fever or anything of that kind there?"

"Ah, madame does not understand," she replied, lowering her voice; "it was a cretin that lived there, one of the accursed race. No one ever went there, or approached her or her child unless obliged. But she is dead now, and her husband, who was like ourselves, is married again; he has a good wife, even; and everything goes well with him."

"And the child?" I asked. "What has become of the poor little baby? Does she still live?"

"Alas! yes," answered Fanchette; "her step-mother, the good Louise, has no small cross to bear. She does what she can for her, but the child is evil, and it is a misery for them all."

Aimée had followed Fanchette into my room, and was listening intently, finger on lip, and her great eyes round with wonder.

"What do you here?" cried Fanchette hastily. "Return to thy play, my little one. We must not speak of these things before her," she said, as the little girl obediently left the room; "we do all we can to keep her out of the cretin's sight, for she has an evil eye; but I am constantly in terror, for our child has a tender heart and seeks everything that is despised by others. I must see now whether she has gone," and Fanchette bustled out after her charge.

Constantly, during my visits to the south, I had heard the dreaded name of cretin or *cagot*; but I had imagined that the old superstitions concerning them were dying out, and that the few members still left of the outcast race were allowed to mix unmolested amongst the peasantry. Very vividly the picture of the poor woman bowed over her sick child came back to me, and Fanchette's story explained its hopeless wretchedness.

After this, I used to watch from my window for a glimpse of the cretin child, but for sometime I did not see her; and Fanchette informed me that for days together she would hide herself in the rocks, no one taking heed of her coming or going. In the meantime, Aimée and I became great friends, and the little girl and her constant companion, a closely shaven and very ugly little dog of the

poodle species, beguiled many tedious hours. And, in spite of the united efforts of her uncle, her mother, and her nurse, I think Aimée was the dearest and sweetest little maiden it was ever my good fortune to meet. One fault she had, if fault it could be called, and that was an excessive and ill-regulated affection for anything she imagined to be despised or neglected by any one else. She had been seen to throw her arms round a refractory pig, and on one occasion was found comfortably cuddled down beside a vicious horse, that even its groom was afraid to approach. The house and garden were full of her pensioners; and when I found my sofa occupied by a family of bereaved guinea-pigs, a sick kitten installed in my cosiest arm-chair, and my paper-basket monopolized by a colony of snails rescued from the salt-pot at the last moment, I was obliged to remonstrate, and so forcibly, that poor little Aimée's eyes filled with tears, and she carried off her whole tribe, and left me alone for the day, while she spent her time in consoling them.

To do her justice, I found the time long without her, and I was meditating a compromise with regard to the kitten, when an unusual noise in the quiet street drew my attention to the window. There, gathered together into a turbulent little crowd, were, or seemed to be, all the children of the village, following with loud cries one of their number, who, some yards in advance, was placing every instant a greater distance between herself and her pursuers. When she came to the corner, she turned and faced them, and in that moment I recognized by her unsightly and prominent disfigurement, the poor little cretin baby I had seen ten years ago. Sadly as she had impressed me then, the picture she presented now was infinitely more pitiable. She was clothed in the merest rags; her handkerchief half torn from her head, and her long coarse hair streaming from beneath it; in her great luminous eyes there was the courage and terror of some hunted animal, and, shaking her small brown fist at the frantic little mob, she hissed out some unintelligible threats, in a voice half choked by fear and rage.

Fanchette, who came out of the kitchen to see what was the matter, shook her head over the disturbance. "They will not catch her now," she said; "she has reached the rocks, and no one can find the holes in which she hides: they are stupid, these foolish children, to provoke

her; she will be revenged, and they will suffer."

"And is there no one to protect the poor child herself?" I asked indignantly. "No one who will shelter or take care of her?"

"Why, Madame, she is a cretin," said Fanchette, lifting her eyebrows, "of course we must suffer her, since it is the will of the good God; but He does not mean that we should cherish her any more than we do the vermin with which He has afflicted us, and, as for myself," she added with a shudder, "I cannot imagine why cretins should exist at all, or rats or toads either."

That night the air was hot and stifling; a thunder-storm brooded. I could not sleep; and wakeful and restless I got up; and, going to my window, I looked out. The night was dark and cloudy; but now and again fitful gleams of moonlight whitened the *cure's* garden and the tombs and crosses of the cemetery beyond. As my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, I fancied I could see some one moving amongst the graves; and I thought perhaps our refractory goat had broken its chain, and, in that case, I would give warning ere damage was done to the careful decorations of the dead. I opened my window, and then, mingled with the sharp note of the bull-frog, the rustle of the leaves, and the distant song of a solitary nightingale, came a low sound of sobbing, broken now and then by a stifled moan. All at once a little figure rose from a mound in the corner of the cemetery, and, as she picked her way back amongst the graves, her face was towards me, and a gleam of moonlight showed me the features of poor Jeanne, the cretin. She passed quickly down the road, but whither she went I know not, probably to her old haunt, where she might share the shelter of wild creatures that, finding as little mercy as herself at the hands of man, grew friendly and tame with the little outcast. In the morning, I found her mother was buried in the cemetery, though no cross or stone marked her grave, nor was there even a turf to cover the unsightly heap of stones and earth. More than ever now I cherished the hope of speaking with the poor child, who, wild and outcast, taught only the bitter lesson of the world's cruelty, could yet keep so loving a memory of her lost mother. Eagerly I watched for her appearance, but she was too wild and shy to let any one approach her. Once in a wood, I came unexpectedly

upon her ; but, before I could speak, she had fled down the tree-entangled path and was out of sight ; and once, when Aimée and I were in the cemetery, we became aware of her presence, and then, with Aimée's help, I made the first attempt to win her attention. Every year Aimée placed fresh wreaths on her father's grave, and this evening we had brought the basket of wild flowers we had gathered in the woods to arrange them. I picked out of the heap some wild white lilies, and making them into a cross, I whispered to Aimée to take it over and place it on the cretin's grave. I was in some doubt about the result of my experiment, and thought Jeanne would perhaps rush from her hiding-place, and toss it away or crush it underfoot, but she remained perfectly still and did not move until we had left the church-yard. Next day the cross was still there, and I saw a gleam of satisfaction in Aimée's eyes that, although forbidden to speak to her, she had yet been allowed to show that small act of kindness. But for weeks we did not see Jeanne again ; she seemed to have quite disappeared ; she must have fed with the birds and the rabbits, for not once in all that time did she come near the village. In the early autumn, and before the snows had fallen, Aimée and I made our first attempt at mountain climbing. It was only a very insignificant ascent, but I think, had it not been for the presence of Aimée's little dog Lulu, it would have been a brilliant success. But it is not easy to chronicle the miseries caused by that unfortunate dog. At intervals he refused to move a paw further, requiring us to carry him in the steepest part, and whenever he came to a narrow and somewhat perilous part he uttered a succession of short, sharp barks that bewildered us, and really gave a sensation of danger to our progress. He thus attracted the attention of a fierce sheep-dog, who at one part menacingly barred our path, and obliged us to make a long and fatiguing round. But his final achievement was to frighten poor little Aimée half out of her wits, and nearly to cause a more serious disaster. He had come to a part that was sufficiently wide for two, and had Lulu contented himself with running on in front or behind we could have walked quite at our ease ; but as he insisted on running first to one side and then the other, or squeezing with a piteous little

whine between the two, he was in constant danger of falling over and being dashed to pieces on the sheer descent.

"We had better separate, Aimée," I said at length, "or Lulu will surely be killed, and ——" I had not gone on many paces when a shriek from Aimée, and a howl from that unlucky dog told me some misfortune had happened at last. Lulu had fallen, but a projecting rock had arrested his fall, and he now half lay, half clung to it—a pitiable little object of fear. He was safe enough for the moment, but the question was how to rescue him. Aimée would have slid down after him, I believe, had I not held her back ; but it seemed as if we must leave him there, while we went to the nearest *cabane*, some distance off, to ask for assistance. We were discussing which should go, when, coming towards us, not on the path, but bounding, leaping, jumping from rock to rock like a chamois, we saw the figure of Jeanne.

"Let us ask her to go," I said, "she will be so much quicker ;" but before I could speak Jeanne's quick eyes had comprehended the situation, and, without a moment's hesitation, she had swung herself over the edge ; and holding by one hand to the sharp angle of the rock, she hauled up by his one lock of wool the miserable little animal. Before we could thank her, or even draw a breath of thankfulness at her escape from the horrible danger of the attempt, she was gone—hidden once more amongst the rocks. Very triumphantly did I proclaim the heroic deed on my return, and not altogether vainly did I endeavour to vindicate poor Jeanne's nature in the eyes of Madame Gabaud and the *curé*. Not vainly, indeed, so far as good intentions are concerned ; for we laid together a little plan to surprise the shy, wild creature, and bring her by love and gentleness back to her rightful place in God's great family. But One more merciful than her human brother and sister took heed of little Jeanne. I had noticed in that brief vision of her on the rock how thin she had grown, and how more than before she looked wild and lost. Not many days after our adventure, some one came to tell us that the cretin was lying asleep in the church-yard, and there indeed we found poor Jeanne lying curled up on her mother's grave, peacefully sleeping in the tender arms of Death.

CAROLINE NORTH.

UNACCOMPLISHED PURPOSES.—The unfinished works of builders of another kind—the monuments of which they could never write "*Exegi*"—the grand fragments of poetry, history, and romance, which lie before us, are still more touching, for death has closed the account. What noble purposes are here unaccomplished! Think of the unfinished poems of Shelley and Keats—of what they might have done, had they not been cut off in the flower of their youth! Think of that great history which Macaulay was to have brought down to a period "within the memory of living men"—how the greatest of the land sorrowed with a not unselfish sorrow, when they saw all that was mortal of that brilliant historian lowered into the vaults of the old Abbey, the great desire of his life unfulfilled! Think of the sudden close, in the midst of their work, of the careers of those two great novelists who were delighting us, from month to month, with their humour and their pathos! Tidings of the death of Thackeray came to me through a newspaper-placard on entering a market-town in Somersetshire; and the death of Charles Dickens startled me in the same way, as I was being driven through a townlet in Wales. I was taking a brief holiday on each occasion, and truly it may be said that I went on my way "a sadder and a wiser man." Each has left behind him a monument of an unaccomplished purpose—the one in "*Dennis Donne*," the other in "*Edwin Drood*." Was it for evil or for good? Was it better or worse for their memories that they died thus suddenly, in the fulness of their fame?—I mean, for their reputation's sake? I do not think that anyone had cause to write with respect to them those dreadful words, "*Falling off*." Yet, it must come to all of us, some day, if we outlive the maturity of our powers. I have fifty volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels on my book-shelves—I could not put my finger on the volume whence the decline of power is to be counted. I think it would be rather early in the series, though there is nothing finer than the "*Talisman*," which now, in an operative form, is the delight of the musical world. Still, it is sad to think of his last days—of so eminently healthy an intellect in its youth and its maturity coming to what it did at the last—those sad, servile attempts not wholly to forsake the old craft—not to confess the victory of age. I remember, many years ago, in the city of London, often to have seen a venerable-looking, grey-bearded old man, apparently almost blind, turning about in a vacant sort of way the handle of an empty barrel-organ, which produced never a sound. Men's hearts soon get hardened in large towns by repeated impositions, and it is difficult to discern rightly between the reality and the sham. But, looking at it in its worse aspects, it was to me an exceedingly touching piece of acting. It brought many pennies and "fourpenny-bits" into the old man's palm. He was clinging to the old craft; he thought

he was producing harmonious sounds out of that empty box. He seemed to be quite crazed. What his history was I never learnt. But I thought of the many sad spectacles that I had seen in the course of my life, of which this soundless organ reminded me—of the broken-down actors, singers, authors—of the old beaux living upon bygone fascinations, the old diners-out on their old jests, and still thinking themselves irresistible. I was present at the last appearance of Edmund Kean on the stage—and a very painful thing it was. It is better, therefore, I think, that, at least as far as his own reputation is concerned, a great genius should be stricken down in the fulness of his work, with many unaccomplished purposes to his account. In all our English poetry there are no sadder lines than these—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.

But, apart from these great historical monuments of unaccomplished purposes, think, too, of the number of smaller unaccomplished literary purposes discharged into the great "*limbo of vanities*." For any man of active imagination to write all the books that he has purposed to write he must live twice over the longest life of the antediluvian period. Histories—Philosophies—Dramas—Poems—Romances—Essays—whole libraries of a most comprehensive character—conceived, sketched out—written, indeed, "all but the chapters," and in no few instances many of the chapters actually written. Who, after a long literary life, exploring the contents of old drawers, boxes, baskets, portfolios, &c., does not come across unfinished manuscripts—"essay, poem, or romance"—put aside under stress of more important business and forgotten, or never returned to for lack of time?

Cornhill Magazine.

THE finest missal in the world for miniatures is that in the library of the Academy of Sciences at Lisbon, which formerly belonged to the convent of the Jesuits in that city. It is the work of Gonzalvo Neto, formerly abbé of Serem in Portugal, afterwards chaplain of Dom Joan Manuel, bishop of Vizeu, to whom he presented, as a testimony of gratitude, that precious work of art, the execution of which had occupied him from 1610 to 1622. That prelate, the founder of the Jesuits' Convent, had placed it in the library of the establishment. It is a pontifical mass-book such as is used at episcopal services. In a journey taken to Lisbon by Thomas Bohn, the Nestor of English booksellers, that gentleman offered £1000 for it, but was refused. Some time after a Paris house proposed £65,500, but the Portuguese authorities opposed the sale. The form is folio, and the work is adorned with twelve pen drawings magnificently colored. Three years ago the Government authorized the house of Macia & Co. of Paris to copy

the book by the chromo-lithographic process, and the work is already far advanced.

THE use of carrier pigeons for press purposes is on the increase, and the breed is rapidly improving. By careful "selection" and allowing only the "survival of the fittest," powers have been developed which a few years ago would have been thought impossible. They can be specially trained to fly over 500 miles, and it is no uncommon thing for despatches to be brought to London from Paris, Lisbon, or Brussels. *Land and Water* records a case of interest. An ocean homing bird, of great docility, intelligence, and spirit, has been found in Iceland which flies at the meteor-like speed of 150 miles an hour. A pair of these birds whose present home is in Kent, within ten miles of London, recently carried despatches from Paris to their home in one hour and a quarter. Press pigeons carried on the despatches to London, and the whole journey of the despatches from Paris to London occupied only one hour and a half. The press pigeons now commonly used are not the ordinary carrier pigeons, but are bred by Messrs. Hartley, of Woolwich, from prize birds selected from the best lofts of Antwerp, Brussels, and Liege.

SEPTEMBER.

GILDETH apace the warm September sun
The spiked burrs upon the chestnut trees,
What time their silk-lined caskets open burst,
Shedding the polished globes, in sudden
shower,
Upon the turf below. The smock-clad boy,
Of rustic hamlet, plods along the lanes,
Heavy of gait, sun-browned, and rusty-haired,
The wood-nuts pulling from the clustered
boughs,
And sings, and eats, and whistles, as he goes.
Content to vegetate, from day to day,
Knowing no yearning for a nobler life !

The bullaces are mellowing on the bough,
The rough-juiced sloes a tinge of purple show
Upon their bloomy-green ; and blackberries
Redden amid the tangled bramble-canes,
Whose juicy stores, ungrudgingly afford
A banquet for the blackbird. By the pale,
The moss-grown pale, of yonder paddock
grows
The teeming walnut. And the longing looks
Of wayside urchins armed with stealthy sticks,
Steal to its nut-crowned boughs, so true is it,

As we of larger growth must daily own,
That human weakness loves forbidden fruit.

The stately queens of all the garden-beds,
Rich, claret-coloured dahlias, proudly rear,
Their blossomed crowns, above the lower
helms
Of the surrounding flowers ; petunias,
White, blue, and crimson, on the borders
creep,
Or hang from rustic baskets, quaintly shaped,
In heavy, not displeasing ornaments,
Of artist's fancy ; azure heliotropes,
Scarlet geraniums, cinerarias,
Imperial fuchsias, modest mignonette,
Fill all the beds with colour ; and anon
The fragrant perfume of a thousand buds,
Scents, like a cloud of incense, all the air !

ALL The Year Round.

From The Transcript.
OCTOBER.

AMONG THE HILLS.

ALL day the south wind nestled in the trees
With half-complaining tone ;
The leaves drooped idly, fluttering in the
breeze,
And fell on moss and stone.

The golden rod had lost its crown of flame,
The aster met its doom,
Ere yet adown the hills the frost king came
To blast their wildwood bloom.

The meadows still their robes of freshest
green
Wore in those autumn days,
And through their brightness, with its gayest
sheen,
The sparkling river plays.

The birds that winter in our stormy clime
Give their few notes of cheer,
Some glad remembrance of the genial time
Gone with the passing year.

They have no fear, and He who rules the
storm
And guides their wandering wings
Embraces in His love each tiny form,
And sure protection brings.

Oh days, whose gorgeous beauty hath no peer
Through all Time's changing round,
Stay your swift flight and linger with us here,
By all your glory crowned !

1874. H. J. B.